THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1925

Roped by a Zep

BY

AN INVOLUNTARY ACROBAT

A Red Easter in Bulgaria

Trapped in Jerusalem

BY

A WANDERING ENGINEER

Why Be a Flamingo?

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N. H.

Editorial Office: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail-matter at Concord, N. H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 50c

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are You Changing Your Address This Summer?

If you are moving about a good deal, simply let us know about each change two weeks in advance and your *Living Age* will follow you wherever you go.

Or perhaps you are moving about so much that you would like to have the magazine sent to a friend for several weeks. That also can be attended to on receipt of word from you.

A post card will do the trick at any time and, if you are so fortunate as to know all your plans in advance, one card can be made to do for the entire summer.

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY 8 ARLINGTON STREET BOSTON

An Opportunity

From week to week, the *Living Age* keeps its readers in touch with contemporary thought and achievement all over the world. Why not make quite sure of seeing it regularly?

THE LIVING AGE L.A. 6-20-25
Rumford Building, Concord, N. H., or 8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find *$5.00 for my subscription to the LIVING AGE for one year beginning .....

Name .....

Address ..... *City* .....

*Foreign postage $1.50 extra; Canadian postage 50c extra

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

June 20, 1925

Vol. 325 CONTENTS No. 4224

A Week of the World 605
Europe's Industrial Changes — Communist Types — Jangling Neighbors in the Orient — A New Issue in Politics — Minor Notes

Bulgarian Actualities . . . . . A CONSENSUS OF OPINION 611
Three Correspondents, from Different Countries, Describe Conditions in the Powder House of the Balkans

Flamingoes in France . . . . . T. A. COWARD 617
Hunting One of Europe's Least-Known Birds in a Secluded Corner of Southern France

The Lesson of Lord Leverhulme 622
Samuel Smiles Up To Date: A Sketch of Britain's Leading Industrial Idealist

A War-Time Adventure in the Holy Land . . . ERNST KLARWILL 626
A German Engineer Who Helped to Open the Ancient Copper Mines of Asia Minor Describes the Fall of Jerusalem and His Adventures within the Hostile Lines

A Southron in Scotland. II . . . . A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT 630
Town and Country Contrasts in the Land of Burns and Stevenson

Dragged by a Zeppelin . . . . . FRANZ SCHNEIDER 637
A Secret of the German Censorship: What Happens to You if You Don't Let Go an Airship's Dragrope Quickly Enough

Vagabond Death . . . . . ARTHUR THRUSH 641
A Poem

The Flood . . . . . LIAM O'FLAHERTY 642
Danger and Hairbreadth 'Scapes in the Lilliputian World of the Insects — with a Little Philosophy for Good Measure

'Freed from the Fret of Thinking' . . . . . THOMAS HARDY 644
A Poem

Life, Letters, and the Arts 645
André Gide Sells Out — Satiric Sir William — Mrs. Chesterton Writes a Play — The Book Fair at Florence — Going to Court — Photosculpture — The Rivals — More English Language — The Tabulated Novel

Books Abroad 649
The House of Menerdue — The Death of a Millionaire — Greek Athletics — On the Earthquake Line: Minor Adventures in Central America

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS WEEK

How those explosive Bombunists, Minkov, Yankov, and Podeikov were run to earth in Itska Street, Sofia, is only the beginning of the story. *Paul Berthelet*, fresh from the Paris boulevards, went all over the most historic spots in the Bulgarian capital. He saw the Cathedral where one hundred and forty aristocrats were blown to Kingdom Come, he visited the dump-heap in which Podeikov was earning money in his spare time as a landscape gardener, he attended the funeral of the victims while strong men and soldiers wept real tears, he conferred with his old friend Premier Tsankov. No sooner is Berthelet seated than the anonymous *Frankfurter Zeitung* correspondent is on his feet with an historical explanation of why Bulgarians throw so many bombs. Fifteen years of almost continual warfare have, he avers, made them dependent on excitement and noise. Last of all comes Dr. Oskar Rosenfeld, who gives us the following facts: Peter Zadgorskii, Yankov, Minkov, Grencharov, Petrini, Dmitrov, Kozovskii, and Mysterious Ivan Abajiev. No wonder there was trouble.

❦ ❦ ❦

What do flamingoes eat — crabs, fish, vegetables, or mud? Why are their beaks so red? How do they hatch their eggs under water? *Mr. T. A. Coward* has just visited the colony of French-speaking flamingoes in the delta of the River Rhone, and there he found the answers to these burning questions. *Liam O'Flaherty* is another devotee of wild life — with the accent on the wild. To him the struggle of some millions of insects who are overtaken by a flood and forced to battle tooth and claw for foothold on bits of floating rubbish is as impressive a spectacle as you can see. But to the philosopher, there is a parallelism — one might even say an allegory — between the battling bugs and our own furious struggles on what the poets call the River of Life.

Only a handful of snobs and Socialists would deny that Lord Leverhulme was a great man. He made Lifebuoy Soap, erected model villages, tapped Africa of its sparse sanitary resources, and even talked back to artists. It is, though, tantalizing to think of the name he might have made for himself had he been lucky enough to attend a School of Business Administration, there to learn what he was doing and why. So few of us, alas, know.

❦ ❦ ❦

During the war *Ernst Klarwill* put on an Austrian uniform and did his best to make the world unsafe for democracy. At one period his duties called him to Jerusalem, via Constantinople, but when he arrived in the Jewish capital he found the Allenbys and not the Ginsbergs in possession. How he met his old friend Joe Webster and what Joe did to him provide the two big climaxes in 'War-time Adventures in the Holy Land.'

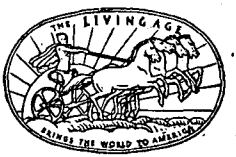
❦ ❦ ❦

Franz Schneider also came in for the loser's share of the purse when the War to End War ended, though for a while he thought it should have been called the War to End Schneider. The story that he sticks to is this. On the afternoon of August 25, 1915, he and a couple of other mechanics out to the Zeppelin works got tangled up in a rope and the first thing they knew they were up in the air. For two hours and a half they were hauled through the sky, sometimes right side up, sometimes hanging downward by their feet. One of them fell, and, taken all in all, it was a decidedly novel afternoon's fun. The trip ended up with a little cross-country spin as the Zep approached its hangar, followed by a ride to the hospital, seven weeks in bed, and a long leave of absence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 325 — *JUNE 20, 1925* — NO. 4224



A WEEK OF THE WORLD

EUROPE'S INDUSTRIAL CHANGES

JUST at present the world is witnessing, apparently without taking much thought of it, revolutionary replacements of power and raw materials that promise to influence profoundly industrial geography and the immediate welfare of large classes of workers. The substitution of artificial silk for natural fibres is one of these. Another is the growing competition between coal and hydroelectric power on land, and oil on both land and sea.

The great importance of artificial silk has been impressed on the British public by the controversy over Mr. Churchill's proposed duties. The largest English producers of this commodity, Courtauld's Limited, have issued a public statement to the effect that their factories alone 'now produce in two weeks much more finished artificial silk than all the raw silk consumed in Great Britain in a whole year,' and add that this industry, young as it is, has already created other new industries. 'It has made its way into every branch of our textile trade, furnishing them with fresh scope amd an entirely new range of activities.' According to the *Manchester Guardian Commercial*, 'the consumption of artificial silk in Lancashire has increased by 800 per cent in the last two years, and is to-day double what it was six months ago. . . . Among manufacturers who use artificial silk it is a common practice to have one loom out of every four turning out the mixed fabric, and in these days of narrow margins it frequently happens that the profit from the artificial silk loom is carrying the unremunerative operation of the other looms.'

Turning now to electric power, which is shifting many branches of manufacturing in Europe toward Italy and Southern Germany, away from the flat lands and into the mountains, and contributing materially to the prevailing coal depression, the greatest development is in Northern Italy. Here the Edison superpower group, organized only four years ago, has united previously existing isolated systems and developed new sources of hydroelectric power until it now sells annually almost two billion units. The effect of such pooling has been greatly to increase the utility of every kilowatt

Copyright 1925, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of generating plant by distributing the load more equally throughout the twenty-four hours and among a larger number of consumers. For instance, the effective use per annum of the Edison group in 1924 was 4370 hours as compared with an average of less than 1250 hours in Great Britain, where a superpower system is now being agitated but has not yet been carried out. Combination has so cheapened production that electricity now costs in Italy about one fifth as much as in England, although the earning power of the Italian companies has risen and has encouraged large developments now under way. When these are completed, the Edison group, with an output of two billion seven hundred million units, will form one of the largest superpower systems in the world. As a correspondent of the *Observer* says: 'There is no doubt that, unless something of the enterprise shown in Northern Italy is introduced into Britain, our whole industrial future will suffer.'

Germany, Austria, France, and the Scandinavian countries are moving in the same direction as Italy, and even Lenin's grandiose scheme of electrifying Russia has not been entirely unproductive of results, although the actual accomplishments are trivial compared with the scope of the original plans. In addition to the immense superpower projects completed in Bavaria and in Saxony, a new gigantic undertaking has just started in Thuringia, where seventy smaller plants are being joined, and a high-tension circuit six hundred miles in circumference, carrying fifty thousand volts with forty-five transformer stations, is being erected. Both steam and water will be used to generate power, and it will take twelve years to complete the enterprise.

Simultaneously an acute depression exists in the coal business, especially in Great Britain and Germany. The London *Outlook* says: 'Coal mines today are rapidly ceasing to be commercial undertakings.' In Germany coal is accumulating rapidly at the pitheads just when Bavaria, Austria, and Styria are celebrating the completion of great hydroelectric works, which, among other things, will liberate Austrian industry from its dependence on imported fuel. To be sure, this new competition is not the sole cause of the present depression. A mild winter and a slackening of furnace industries account for part of it. Furthermore, it is probably temporary, for the advocates of superpower claim that electricity can be generated by coal as cheaply as by water as soon as the industry is properly equipped and organized.

*

COMMUNIST TYPES

Among the men tried, present or in absentia, for the Cathedral outrage at Sofia were several army officers. Indeed, the revelations of the courtroom would give the crime the aspect of a military conspiracy. Some of the leaders were also wealthy. Among those condemned to death, Friedmann, the attorney, and Zadgorskii, the humble sacristan, were the principal civilians. Koev was a lieutenant-colonel. Minkov had been a captain of Pioneers. Major Yankov, his closest associate, was a son of Colonel Yankov, one of the heroes of the Macedonian revolt against the Turks. Minkov and Yankov both died resisting arrest. Among the leaders of the conspiracy was also General Lichev, who was commanding officer of Sofia under Stambuliskii. The General is said to have stood impatiently in front of the War Office at the time the explosion occurred, prepared to rush in and take possession the moment the conspiracy succeeded. At least three of the plotters were of French birth. One of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these was a wealthy woman, Adele Nikolova, widow of the former head of the Bulgarian Tobacco Trust, whose luxurious home was a meeting-place and refuge of the conspirators. Another of the principals, the Agrarian leader, Grencharov, was also wealthy.

The May sensation in Moscow was the death of the famous and picturesque Russian terrorist, Boris Savinkov, who committed suicide by hurling himself out of a fifth-story window in the Communist prison where he had been confined for about a year. This brilliant adventurer and writer was reputed in his day to be the ablest and boldest enemy of the Tsar's régime. He was a man of culture and good family, who spoke fluently several languages. His father was a prominent judge, his mother a well-known feminist writer. When plotting the assassination of some high official he not infrequently was a guest at the most fashionable hotels and mingled freely in the very circles where he sought his victims. To-day an officer of the Guard, the next day a traveling Englishman knowing no Russian, the following week disguised as a police-harried match-peddler selling his goods in front of a Ministry, he played hide and seek with the Tsar's secret service under the very noses of the highest authorities. He is reported to have planned and executed through devoted agents the assassination of Sipiagin, the Russian Minister of the Interior, in 1902, of Minister Pleve in 1904, and of the Grand Duke Sergei in 1905. He was captured in an attempt to assassinate Admiral Nepluev at Sebastopol in 1906, but escaped from prison a few hours before the time set for his execution. He was also author of an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Tsar Nicholas II in 1910, when the monarch visited the cruiser Riurik. He played a prominent part in Russia during the Kerenskii régime, but turned against the Bolsheviki, fought against them in Poland in the summer of 1920, and planned to kill Chicherin and Joffe at the Genoa Conference two years later. No episode of his adventurous career was more sensational, however, than his arrest by the Bolsheviki when trying to enter Russia a year ago, and his remarkable profession of conversion to Bolshevism in the courtroom during his trial. In a letter to Dzerzhinskii, the former head of the Cheka, written in prison on May 7, 1925, he said that he expected, when he entered Russia, either to be shot or else to be set free and allowed to coöperate with the present authorities. The third possibility of indefinite imprisonment did not enter into his calculations. Evidently the strain of protracted confinement was too much for this genius of violence.

*

JANGLING NEIGHBORS IN THE ORIENT

CHINA'S chronic war scare assumed an acute phase late in May, when it was announced that Chang Tso-lin intended to proceed to Peking, accompanied by his son, to save the provisional executive from the intimidation of Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang. Simultaneously rumors multiplied to the effect that the Christian General and the Soviet Government were working hand in hand against Chang Tso-lin and the Japanese. Chang Tso-lin's son, who appeared at Tientsin, promptly denied these rumors, and asserted that his father and Marshal Feng were coöperating in complete harmony. Substance was given to this declaration when the Christian General peaceably withdrew his troops from around Peking and permitted Chang Tso-lin garrisons to replace them. Possibly, of course, this is a strategic retreat, and surprising moves may soon occur upon the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chinese chessboard. Reports of great convoys of munitions en route by motor-truck from Urga near the Siberian border to the Chinese general's headquarters at Kalgan have appeared in the Far Eastern press. Wu Pei-fu has again entered on the political scene as leader of the remnants of his old Chili Party in the Central provinces. The diplomatic corps appears to have joined Japan in favoring Chang Tso-lin, perhaps on account of the common fear of Bolshevism.

Beginning with the strike in the Japanese cotton mills at Shanghai several weeks ago, signs of industrial unrest have reappeared at several places where foreign manufactures have been set up in Eastern China. From Shanghai the trouble spread to the Japanese mills at Tsingtau, whose proprietors and managers provoked the resentment of Chinese patriots in all parts of the country by calling upon their Government to intervene. Some see the hand of Moscow at work here, especially as Chinese establishments, where labor conditions are no better, — and indeed are not as good as they are in those owned by Japanese and other foreign capitalists, — have been relatively exempt from these disturbances. Be that as it may, the present difficulties illustrate a new danger facing foreign investors in the Orient — a possible alliance of racial prejudice, politics, business rivalry between natives and foreigners, and industrial unrest to resist an economic invasion by Japan and the Occident.

Following the precedent set by the United States, Japan now proposes to devote her share of the Boxer indemnity to educational and cultural work in China, and to her surprise and indignation discovers that there is considerable opposition in that country to the proposal. *Chen Pao* said in its issue of April 6: —

Chinese educators have announced that they cannot coöperate with the Japanese in this use of Japan's share of the Boxer indemnity, because the Japanese Government harbors no good intentions toward them. . . . Japan does not intend to return the remaining portion of the Boxer indemnity to China, but to appropriate it to set up educational and cultural institutions in our country. . . . The main purpose of the Japanese Government in establishing educational and cultural institutions for China is to give her own subjects a better chance to study conditions in China, and not to enable Chinese to study conditions in their country and abroad. . . . Japan may establish any kind of educational or cultural agencies in China, but she can have nothing to do with Chinese education and culture. We shall regard such institutions as on the same basis as the missionary schools.

The *Japan Times and Mail* protests as follows against this interpretation of the Tokyo Government's purpose: —

The Chinese opponents of the plan are reported to contend that it is part of Japan's scheme to make a conquest of China through such culture or works of civilization. A more wanton charge it will be difficult to conceive. The vast land of China is honeycombed, one may almost say, with institutions and works of civilization carried on by America, England, and other European countries, and we have never yet heard a voice raised there antagonistic to them, as so many eventual menaces to the independence and welfare of the young Republic, for the simple reason that there is nothing to support such a misconception.

Japan is going to do, though belatedly, only what other countries have long since begun to do in China. Why should Japan alone be suspected of impossible schemes of aggression? Is it to be assumed that it is because Japan, at one time, sprung the 'twenty-one demands' on China? The assumption will mean nothing; for China has, since long ago, been made the victim of land-grabbing and concession-establishing at the hands of many of the Powers, who are to-day China's benefactors in cultural work. Whatever exceptions may be taken to what Japan has done in China in the past,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are nothing by the side of the depredations perpetrated there by other countries, and cannot sustain the present suspicions of the Chinese agitators, who only make themselves ridiculous by referring to them.

In general the Japanese press appears to be as surprised as it is wounded by China's suspicion. *Hochi* admits that 'the methods adopted by the Japanese authorities in carrying out their ideas are not entirely above criticism,' but insists that a fine spirit lay under the decision of the Japanese Government. Tokyo *Asahi* lets a little more light into the methods criticized by saying, 'The Japanese authorities committed an indiscretion when they made the beneficiaries tender a letter of gratitude,' and believes that the Japanese Government should wash its hands of the whole affair by turning the funds over to a private institution — of course under its 'supervision' — to be used for the purposes designed.

When the Russo-Japanese Treaty was concluded, Viscount Goto, former Home Secretary of Japan and whilom Mayor of Tokyo, published a futurist article in the Japanese *Diplomatic Review* in which he predicted an eventual alliance of Europe and Asia against North and South America — the bone of contention motivating these hemispherical federations being the markets of Asia and the hegemony of the Pacific. This is a novel prediction for a Japanese to make, since Anglo-American solidarity is generally assumed to be final in that country. Perhaps Baron Goto refers only to Continental Europe, which some Oriental enthusiasts for a partnership with the Soviets are inclined to regard as a mere fringe to Russia.

*

A NEW ISSUE IN POLITICS

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD has provoked kindly merriment in England by apologizing to his followers for wearing creased trousers. Probably uncompromising proletarians prefer that he should tie them around, below the knees, with strings. The sober and often dullish *Daily Telegraph* said in a leader on this important theme: —

> This would seem a domestic matter best settled at one of those happy gatherings of the Party in which the followers, going into secret session, tell the leaders how to behave. But Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a sensitive soul who cannot bear to suffer without a cry; and he has never been so affecting as upon his trousers. It appears that certain ignoble creatures in the ranks of Labor have cast it up against Mr. MacDonald that his trousers are too elegant. We do not know how to express our emotions about this, but if we may say so without offense, we are surprised and horrified. Conscious of virtue, he might well have disdained such slander. But his gentle nature could not bear it. He had to tell the miners of Cymmer the whole history of those trousers. It is an affecting story, perhaps a little too pitiful for a May Day festival, but glowing with human interest. On his recent holiday Mr. MacDonald 'took out an old pair of trousers and found when he put them on they had a beautiful crease. He happened to be photographed in these. It was then said that he had deserted the workers because the crease in his trousers showed that he was getting far too respectable.'

*

MINOR NOTES

ACCORDING to Moscow *Pravda*, the ingenious Russian peasant is taking very practical advantage of the new Soviet marriage law. Hiring labor when you can get it free is never popular with employers, and the prejudice against so doing is strengthened in Russia by the fact that people of the employing class are considered, under the Communist creed, *kulaks* and profiteers, and supposed to be

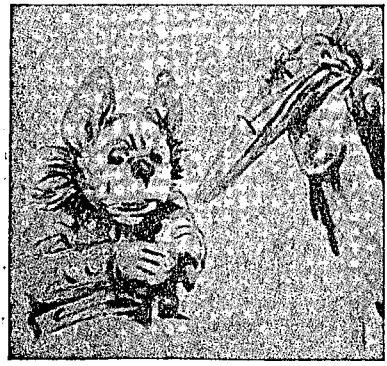
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subjects of popular reprobation. But the better and freer marriage-institutions of Sovietdom have provided the would-be peasant employer a remedy — though to be sure of somewhat limited extent — in this emergency. He can secure one new field hand by marrying a vigorous young peasant girl in the spring when farm labor begins, and divorce her after the fall work is done, to avoid carrying her over the winter. Among the other advantages of this popular device, according to the Moscow paper, the peasant does not have to pay either casualty insurance or wages, or to trouble himself over certain irritating formalities with which the Soviet authorities require employers of hired labor to comply. The summer wife is not limited to the legal eight-hour day, but works from dawn until sunset. She cannot strike, and under the somewhat severe family discipline — which Bolshevist modernism does not seem to have undermined as yet in peasant homes — she is not allowed to loaf.

ACCORDING to statistics published in the *Journal Officiel*, the French birth-rate has risen since 1915 from 191 to 194 per 100,000 inhabitants, the increase being attributable to the recovery of Alsace Lorraine and the influx of Polish and other foreign workers. As it stands, the German birth-rate is not markedly higher than that of France, being 209, while the British is only 197 and the Norwegian actually lower — or 188. But as the article which quotes these figures points out, 'this normal birth-rate is more than counterbalanced by an abnormal death-rate, particularly in infancy. For this bad hygiene and dirty conditions of life are mainly responsible. With a death-rate of 170 per 10,000, France stands second only to Spain.'

BY a vote of forty-eight to thirty-six the Netherlands Parliament rejected a bill appropriating a million gilders for the Olympic Games to be held in that country in 1928. Some opposed the appropriation for religious reasons, because the games would desecrate the Sabbath, encourage betting, and 'promote the pagan spirit.' These were reenforced by those who objected to the appropriation for reasons of economy. The Netherlands Olympic Games Committee now proposes to raise the necessary funds by a private lottery.

COMMENT UNNECESSARY



The Indignant Stork and the French Rabbit. — *Ulk*, Berlin

THE NEW DOG-COLLAR

A Labor Satire on Winston Churchill's Sudden Jump from the Liberals to the Tories. — *Daily Herald*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BULGARIAN ACTUALITIES[1]

A CONSENSUS OF OPINION

[THE first section of the following article contains the most significant paragraphs of a series of letters from Sofia written by Paul Berthelet; the second is by an anonymous correspondent of *Frankfurter Zeitung;* the third is by Doctor Oskar Rosenfeld, Bulgarian correspondent of *Pester Lloyd.*]

I

ONE more summer in the Balkans — the fifth. The route has become familiar — Milan, Venice, Zagreb, Belgrade, Nish, and Sofia. Sofia the Red. Only two travelers leave the International Express there — an agreeable press colleague and myself. We pass between a double rank of curious loiterers, who fairly stare us out of countenance. I notice a few stalwart policemen in the crowd, but uniforms are not numerous.

Sofia is under martial law, but no one would imagine it this beautiful Sunday morning. The streets are lively with happy loiterers; tramcars are packed; patrons are gossiping quietly over their coffee and cakes in front of the cafés.

Occasionally a squad of unarmed soldiers passes, led by one or two smart officers and singing as they march. Extra police are stationed at every street-corner; the public buildings are carefully guarded. We are not permitted to walk along the sidewalk in front of the royal palace, the Premier's residence, or other public buildings; and the Sobranje is in permanent session. Anyone on the street after 8 P.M. is at once arrested and fined heavily or sent to jail. The Government is on the alert against new disturbances.

I visit the Cathedral of St. Nedelia, where several hundred persons were killed and wounded a few days ago. Its principal façade is almost completely destroyed, and its towers are partly in ruins, but the cracked and fissured side-domes still remain in place, although their crosses are tipped at a precarious angle. 'A good omen,' people say; 'God has not entirely abandoned us.'

Street traffic goes on as usual. Bulgarian flower-girls offer us wonderful bunches of blossoms, and gypsy beggars try to thrust wilted little bouquets into our hands.

I have visited this morning two houses — the cottages where the Communists Minkov, Yankov, and Podeikov were run to earth and killed. Minkov was discovered and killed with hand grenades in the basement of a little building in Itska Street, a broadish thoroughfare ending in a large vacant space that serves as a sort of general dumping-ground for the people of that part of the city. The house was the last on the street, an adobe building with only the front plastered, and surrounded by a dilapidated wooden fence. Hungry hens were scratching in the little yard, which was littered with garbage and empty tin cans. A little distance away, in this same suburban slum, were the ruins of the cottage where Yankov and Podeikov resisted

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *May* 3, 4, 7; *Frankfurter Zeitung Wochenblatt* (Liberal weekly), *May* 8; and *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest German-Hungarian daily), *May* 11

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the assaults of the police. They held out for a long time. After the building was set on fire they were discovered and killed in an underground hiding-place reached by a narrow tunnel. Podeikov, who owned the cottage, evidently had country tastes. His little garden, carefully cultivated and planted with young fruit trees, was in model condition. This terrorist loved not only to plant but also to build. A footpath down the centre of the garden was ornamented with pyramids of whitewashed brick along the side.

This morning a requiem mass was held for the victims of the recent outrages. An immense crowd packed the great church, and I had much difficulty in making my way inside. The building was dimly lighted, so that one could scarcely see, under the central dome, the great image of God the Father, with an astounding beard and hair made of carded cotton, surrounded by attendant angels with green wings and bizarre ornaments. A heavy odor of bandages and disinfectants mingled with the fragrance of the incense, for many of those present had their heads, hands, or feet wrapped in fresh dressings.

The nasal quavering voice of an invisible priest broke the silence, and quick signs of the cross made by the worshipers announced the beginning of the ceremony. Prayers in a tender and plaintive rhythm rose to Heaven until suddenly drowned by the chanting of the long-haired deacons massed to the right and the left of the iconostasis. Their voices rose in slow, restrained, indescribably melancholy lamentation, interrupted brusquely at intervals by the rumbling of the bass, but constantly resuming their burden of plaintive, appealing, and refined but cruelly poignant melody. Every note was a sob that affected powerfully the emotions of the tense-nerved congregation. Near me strong men and soldiers in uniform wept aloud like children.

The dastardly crime at the Cathedral has claimed one hundred and forty victims, and many of the five hundred or more who were wounded are not expected to live. Every day fresh black-bordered posters on the walls announce a new death. A sad Easter for the Bulgarian people! The great Orthodox festival has not been observed at Sofia this year. Too many houses display crêpe symbols of death; in too many others the wounded lie writhing in agony. Church bells are constantly tolling. A single long funeral-procession bore one hundred and fourteen victims to the cemetery, among them nineteen women and seven little children.

It is raining. An ugly fog envelops the city and obscures the golden domes of the Russian Church near the Royal Palace. The damp flags of the pavement have recovered their pretty ochre tint, but afford slippery footing for the hurried pedestrian. My ears are greeted by what I for an instant imagine to be a rumble of thunder. But the sound immediately resolves itself into a series of dull intonations followed at regular intervals by the report of cannon. Evidently there is fighting not far away.

The Premier's courteous secretary reassures me. It is nothing. While the gypsy quarter was being searched, Communists concealed in a house and in a little chapel where they had stored explosives threw bombs at the police. The chapel has been 'cleaned out' and the house destroyed. The outlaws, well provided with bombs, rifles, revolvers, and ammunition, have fortified themselves in the dry stream-bed. In order to prevent an unnecessary sacrifice of life, the soldiers are now bombarding this impromptu fortification.

M. Tsankov, who remembers me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from my previous visits, is pale and slightly emaciated as a result of the wounds he received at the Cathedral, and a black-silk skullcap covers the bandages around his head.

'The situation is not desperate,' he answers frankly in reply to my inquiries, 'but it is still very grave. Two weeks have passed since the frightful outrage at the Cathedral, and the Communists and their Agrarian allies are not yet completely suppressed. Their plots ramify in all directions, and we are discovering new accomplices daily. It has been a most painful shock to learn who some of these men are. We are actually fighting a civil war, though it has not assumed the character of an open campaign. . . . These adversaries are armed and directed by the Third International of Moscow. At first they tried to arouse the masses, but neither the city workers nor the peasants would listen to them; and we were able to disperse the agitators. Thereupon they had recourse to our peculiar Balkan tactics of organizing armed bands to terrorize the country people, who murdered several officials, priests, and landlords. But the Government got these disorders under control. Thereupon the revolutionists changed their tactics once more, and began to assassinated prominent men in the Government. They hoped to make a clean sweep of the monarch and the leading men of the State at the Cathedral, and to take advantage of the ensuing anarchy to seize power.'

II

The traveler from Vienna, upon reaching Drahoman, the first station on the Bulgarian frontier, finds soldiers in possession. They guard the entire railway-line to Sofia, but the journey thither is devoid of all sensation. Even the proverbial young Saxon couple on their way to Constantinople, and a few German commercial travelers who were in our car, find nothing to alarm them. The fertile little highland farms, the modest peasant farmsteads, the flocks of sheep grazing in the foothills, suggest Switzerland. One asks himself how a country like Bulgaria, four fifths of whose people are peasants bred to the soil, could be so infected with Communism, Anarchism, and Nihilism as to permit an atrocity like that in St. Nedelia Cathedral. Are these peasants really Red revolutionists?

I have just made a motor trip from Sofia into the country, over roads that are indescribably bad. Yet I have found everywhere the same appearance of peace and modest prosperity. In one of the bigger villages five Communists were eventually discovered—a negligible number in so large a population. Are the peasants suffering? The poorer among them live miserably, it is true, but I found no evidence of serious discontent, although I saw conditions that might justify it. The last harvest has been unusually good. Moreover, the Bulgarian peasant never has a total crop failure. He diversifies too much for that. If his wheat does not do well, he still has maize, tobacco, sheep, and poultry to carry him over. The rural economics of the country do not explain its political ferment.

The bright golden domes of Sofia can be seen from all parts of the plateau lying between the Vitos and the Balkan ranges. On returning from the villages to the city, which is half or three-quarters European and the rest gypsy and Turkish, I realized that Sofia is not an organic part of Bulgaria. Every building, every feature of Bern, for example, bespeaks the natural capital of peasant Switzerland. Sofia is not thus truly Bulgarian, but is a cross between

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a German *Residenzstadt* and a wilderness. And the same incongruity that exists between the capital and the country characterizes the whole body politic.

Moreover Sofia is a dilapidated town, whose war wounds are still visible on every side. The Cathedral is not the only ruin. The National Theatre, which Ferdinand built after the conventional Vienna pattern, was partly burned two years ago and has never been repaired. Houses, pavements, parks, all show melancholy evidence of neglect. For fifteen years Bulgaria has had no real respite from war. She has been unable to repair and maintain her Capital. And her people have fared as badly as her buildings and her streets. I have seen here much human wreckage, both physical and moral. Were it not for war and war's results, crimes like those of Yankov and Minkov would be impossible.

Furthermore, a unique and unprecedented burden has been added to the post-war sufferings of this nation. Sofia is encircled by clusters of miserable hovels, huts, and kennels, without any regular road or access to them. Here, and in discarded railway-cars, live thousands of homeless refugees. A third of Sofia's population consists of Macedonians. They are reputed to be the most intelligent and enterprising branch of the Bulgar race, and they are its most passionate nationalists. They seem to give most of the life and action to the street crowds of Sofia. Therefore the ferment in Bulgaria cannot be understood except in connection with the Macedonian problem.

Directly across from the Parliament Building stands a magnificent equestrian statue of Alexander II of Russia, the 'Tsar-Liberator.' Fresh wreaths lie at its base and withered garlands repose on the pedestal. Every year Bulgaria celebrates her emancipation by Russia, less than half a century ago, with undying gratitude to that country for her liberation from the Turkish yoke. Many intellectual, linguistic, and literary ties still bind the two nations together. They are separated by only a short stretch of water. No wonder, then, that the theories of Communist Russia find readier reception here than elsewhere. They cannot convert the hard-headed Bulgarian peasants who have grown up with the soil; they may find no proselytes among educated Bulgarians, who are also a practical-minded class; but there is a certain stratum of half-educated, restless, uprooted men, recruited from all sections of the war-torn population, who succumb to the alluring doctrines of their kinsmen neighbors.

The Balkans and the Pyrenees lie on about the same parallel of latitude. Bulgaria is half a Southern land, with the political emotions and passions of the South. Even in the remotest village the peasant is an ardent politician, who will neglect his material interests for the excitement of a hard-fought campaign.

Bulgaria's public men are gentlemen of education and cosmopolitan culture, quite comparable with their colleagues in Western Europe. I have just attended a tea given by the Press Club of Sofia to the correspondents of all countries who have hastened hither for news. The Bulgarians I met there talked frankly and naturally, with as intimate a knowledge of the world as I should find in Central or Western Europe. The president of the Club is a Social-Democrat. People of all political complexions, from extreme Right to the extreme Left, naturally excluding the Communists, were present. The Government does not discourage a free expression of private opinion, and treats representatives of the Opposition with the same courtesy as others. I was able

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to talk freely with representatives of every Party.

These gentlemen invariably began by stating that they were peasants. 'We are all peasants.' Even the thin stratum of intellectuals, merchants, and other city people emphasizes its peasant origin, although there is a certain opposition between town and country. No such thing as a Party embracing all the peasants exists. Every Party has its peasant members. When fake dispatches in the foreign press report, 'The Peasants Marching on Sofia,' that would mean, were such inventions true, that all the political parties of the country had joined in a get-together parade. It is true, of course, that the actual peasants have acquired a certain esprit de corps and, realizing that they form four fifths of the population, feel they ought to have the say as to how the Government should be run. . . .

Communism born of social misery is unthinkable in any Bulgarian countryside. The peasants, especially the younger generation, demand a higher standard of living than their fathers enjoyed, but they all own land and can increase their incomes by hard work. Bulgaria has no large estates. If the Communists were to get control, they could not divide the land more equally than it is at present. The peasant allies of the Communists are not the more industrious among the farmers. But it is easier to see how Bolshevist sympathies may spread among other classes of the population. Many civil servants have been discharged; the others receive miserably low salaries. The national eagerness for schooling has given the little country a larger educated class than it can support. Discharged army officers long to get back their old jobs and salaries, and some of them are willing to serve the Soviet in that hope. Last of all are the Macedonians. Four hundred thousand of them are said to have taken refuge in Bulgaria last year. Half of that number may have found permanent homes and occupations, but the remainder are nomads, who find scanty employment part of the year in the tobacco fields, but are constantly shifting from one job to another and are often in enforced idleness. Such people make ready recruits for the Bolsheviki.

Possibly the innocent victims at St. Nedelia Cathedral did not die in vain. More than one of those crushed under the ruins was heard to cry with his expiring breath: 'Long live Bulgaria!' It seems to me that, quite apart from the measures of the Government, the shock of this tragedy has brought the masses to their senses. Even the most irresponsible are saying, 'We did not intend anything like that.' Indeed, the Communists have never been a unit among themselves. Not over thirty per cent are what they call here Anarchist-Communists. A great majority of the Party are theoretical Communists who would like to overthrow the Tsankov Government because it overthrew Stambuliskii and put him out of the way. Until the recent outrage, moreover, the latter programme was endorsed also by a majority of the Peasants' Union, who were inclined to join the Communists in order to oust their opponents.

III

The act next to the last of this tragedy is staged in an artillery barracks outside the centre of Sofia — a long, plain, ugly building of the conventional barracks type. Soldiers in steel helmets are on guard in front; others stand stern and businesslike on each side of the door and search for weapons every person who enters. On the way to the room where the court is sitting we pass through a small, dark, elliptical apart-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment. On one side sit twelve men and women with downcast countenances and wearing shabby clothes. Facing them are sturdy soldier-boys, alert, with ready rifles in their hands — the prisoners and their guards.

The large hall where the trial is held has green walls and ceilings, and is poorly lighted. On one side is the barracks courtyard, on the other the street. There is a stage with a bright curtain — evidently it is the quarters of the soldiers' club. On the rude benches reserved for the public sit officers and a few ladies. In front of them is the long reporters' table. Between the judges' bench and a little square formed by the small desks occupied by the prosecutor, the court reporter, the attorney assigned for the defense, and other court officials, stands a little box covered with an embroidered cloth upon which lie a Bible and crucifix. Soldiers are everywhere — brown, stern, stolid, military faces. The judges sit as if cast from bronze. No smile lightens the Gothic face of the presiding justice.

'Let Peter Zadgorskii appear!'

A soldier calls loudly: 'Peter Zadgorskii!'

Peter Zadgorskii, sexton of St. Nedelia Cathedral, enters. He approaches the Bible and crucifix with tottering steps. His haggard dark-brown head is set upon a scrawny dark-brown neck; his black, bushy moustache and hair are in wild disorder; his eyes are deep-sunk and expressionless. He is a miserable figure of a man, who looks as if he had just been cut down from a gallows. Twelve years as a gardener in Russia and then a soldier during the Balkan War, his emaciated form seems to have borne a century of hardships. He recites his confession in a hollow, monotonous voice that sounds as if it came from a great distance. Peter resisted temptation for a time — and a mysterious 'Ivan' knew how to tempt him. A thousand leva for taking care of a little package — even of dynamite; and each time another thousand leva, ten times in succession! And then the promise to get him out of the country with a foreign passport and a munificent salary afterward, with a fine job in the new revolutionary government! Could a half-starved church-servant resist such inducements? Everything went according to schedule. The dome of the Cathedral fell in with a crash. A child guided him to a place of concealment. There he ate sausage and *kashkaval*. Peter Zadgorskii, by grace of the Revolutionary Committee, by grace of the tempter Ivan, eats sausage and kashkaval! Yes, a new and happier life has already begun. Farewell, sexton servitude! Peter Zadgorskii, get ready for a noble career! But before he has time to enjoy that prospect long, officers of the law appear. Farewell, sexton servitude!

I almost forget to mention that this hero, Peter Zadgorskii, hid behind the altar the revolver and the dagger, both in brand-new yellow-leather cases, that Ivan gave him, instead of carrying them with him. He did not fear the infernal machine hidden in the church roof that was to wipe out two hundred and eight human lives, but he was afraid to carry a dagger and a revolver in his pocket!

After the dilettante hero comes the heroic dilettante — Attorney Marco Friedmann. Do not imagine a brawny, broad-shouldered adventurer who moves men like pawns on the chess-board of the world. Picture rather a sensitive, shy creature of the student type, with a feminine voice and slender aristocratic hands, who chooses his words with dainty precision. But a low forehead, a disheveled mane of black rebellious hair, and piercing little eyes, betray the fanaticism that sometimes consumes men before it moves them to action. Infernal machines? No, sir.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His tactics are legal. Like a child telling a story he rambles on, describing the underground organization of the Communist guard, which has its detachments all over the country but is strongest along the Black Sea coast, especially in Varna, whence one can get by boat to Russia in a few hours. Much money has passed through his hands. A courier brought it from Vienna — plump bundles of dollar bills, or perhaps dinars. Thus a net was gradually drawn around the country and in it was laid the noose that was to strangle the Government. But a Soviet State was never contemplated. 'The time is not ripe for that.'

And who can contradict Marco Friedmann? Those who took active part in the crime have not been captured. Yankov, Minkov, and Grencharov were killed resisting arrest. Petrini, Dmitrov, Kozovskii, and Abajiev — the mysterious 'Ivan' — have not been found.

The judges are hoplessly muddled. They are not prepared for their duties. The presiding justice and the prosecuting attorney lose themselves in a jungle of technicalities. The proceedings become hopelessly tangled. The Government's representatives make amusing juristic blunders. Only the army officers maintain their stolid dignity. The court becomes a stage, as one person after another is brought before it heavily manacled. The ladies on the spectators' benches whisper and giggle. The priests behind the defendants look dully solemn. The audience shows signs of boredom.

As the prisoners file past I ask myself what constitutes a criminal. Is this really a fight between justice and injustice? A fight between two social ideals? A fight between two philosophies of life? Or is it perhaps only a struggle between the weaker and the stronger? I do not trust my own wisdom to answer these dubious questions.

FLAMINGOES IN FRANCE[1]

BY T. A. COWARD

'THE chief difficulty Alice found at first was in managing her flamingo; she succeeded in getting its body tucked away, comfortably enough, under her arm, with its legs hanging down, but generally, just as she had got its neck nicely straightened out, and was going to give the hedgehog a blow with its head, it *would* twist itself round and look up in her face with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing'

[1] From the *National Review* (London Tory monthly), *March*

This quotation, in substance at any rate, and more vividly still a vision of Tenniel's picture of Alice and her animated croquet-mallet, flashed through my mind as I stood on the margin of the Étang du Valcarès and saw the puzzled expression of the flamingoes as they twisted their sinuous necks to gaze upon us. The quaint flamingo is familiar to many who have never seen the living bird; Lewis Carroll's pen and Tenniel's pencil inscribed it deeply in the plastic juvenile mind.

Though associated in our minds with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Africa and parts of Southern Asia, the flamingo ranks as a European species, for it nests in two districts at least — the *marismas* of the Guadalquivir in Spain and the Camargue in France. But the bird is capricious, or perhaps fastidious, and does not nest annually in either place.

Out of the many thousands of visitors to Southern France a mere handful have seen the French flamingoes, for the Camargue, though bordering the Mediterranean, is not the Riviera. Indeed, the great delta of the Rhone has no attractions for the tourist, though to all Arlesians and most Provençals the Camargue is a household word, for it is the home of the wild bulls which provide so much diversion in the arena.

The northern apex of the triangle, near Arles, and strips bordering the main streams, the Grand and Petit Rhone, are fertile and well tilled, but for the most part the huge area is either unreclaimed marsh or barren, sunbaked, stony waste. Herds of black fighting bulls and half-wild horses roam in search of pasture, guarded by mounted herdsmen, litle tamer in appearance than their charges.

The Rhone Valley is a favored route of migratory birds, more direct than most food-routes traversed by avian travelers. The Saône and Isère contribute, in addition to volumes of water, streams of migrants from Central France, Savoy, and the Alps. Travelers from farther north cross the watershed from the Rhine and Seine in autumn, and find a straight north-to-south route on their way toward Africa, quicker and safer than the coastwise track across the turbulent Bay and along the Atlantic seaboard. The bushes, reeds, and lakes of the delta provide the last halt, where shelter and food can be obtained before the migrants wing for the African shore or, turning east, make for the Italian peninsula.

In addition to the temporary and irregular passage birds are a number of resident species, and others which as winter visitors find that the Mediterranean climate supplies all they need. These facts, and the hope that flamingoes would oblige, induced us to brave the defective roads in a far from effective car, to risk the annoyance of mosquitoes and possible malarial inoculation, and to chance finding in a very wide area something of interest. We were well repaid.

When skirting the *étang*, a huge inland sea, its waters stretching away to a dim and distant shore, we were pulled up suddenly as our chauffeur, pointing over the water, shouted: 'Flamant, flamant!' He knew the Camargue, and had seen flamingoes on many previous occasions, yet he sounded far more excited than we appeared to be. I doubt if he was. There they were, the great birds, in hundreds — how many we could not estimate. They were a long way off, wading so deeply that the rose-white backs were all that showed above the surface; the necks and legs were hidden. Except when a bird raised its head to take breath we might have been watching a flock of aquatic sheep. In the mirage-haunted landscape size is deceptive; the birds might be as much distorted as the low mud islets which hung in the quivering air like a range of distant hills. We did not attempt to rouse the flock, but, after observing them through the telescope, turned our attention to other birds. Fortunately this was not our only view of flamingoes.

The border of the étang is a level stretch, half beach, half marsh, where saltwort and seablite grow alongside carline thistles and other composites, including the handsome *Scolymus* and blue chicory. Flowers, even in late September, were plentiful, though the asters were not at their best; at times acres and acres must be one mass of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

color from the crowded maritime Michaelmas daisies. Water trickling from the marsh and the ancient deep-cut drainage ditches have indented the margin of the étang, providing muddy feeding-grounds for waders, and leaving stony ridges on which they love to rest.

We had traveled farther and were proceeding at too rapid a pace for accurate observation when, on rounding a curve, we saw a flock of some sixty flamingoes close inshore. Cautiously, very cautiously, we crept across the mud, hoping that we should not disturb them; we were overanxious, for the stately birds practically ignored us. The water was but a few inches deep, and little of the pink tarsus was submerged, and as the birds moved they raised their webbed feet with the deliberate and stiff action of the goose-step. The angled, black-tipped, pink bills were below the surface, seeking and securing something; the upper ridge or culmen must have scraped the mud, for the head was upside down. The Spaniards, Mr Abel Chapman tells, declare that the flamingo feeds on mud, while others assert that it crops aquatic vegetation; Salvin found nothing but vegetable matter in the stomachs of those he examined. Radde and Wagner, however, discovered molluscs, and Dr. Eagle Clarke found that on the Camargue salines at any rate the abundant brine-shrimps, *Artemia*, are eaten. Evidently no diet is exclusive, and planktonic crustaceans may be secured in algæ or molluscs sifted from mud. The deliberate, steady feeding of the birds we watched did not suggest a hunt after elusive, active animals.

Every head was down until we got to within about twenty yards of the flock, but at last a bird raised its sinuous neck, fixed us with a yellow eye, and gave a warning, anserine honk. Up came the other heads, but without undue haste, and the honking became general as one by one the birds spread great wings and rose. So long as the wings were closed the birds were merely rose-tinted, the brilliant coverts and black primaries were screened by drooping mantle and scapulars, but immediately they were spread the transformation was amazing. Rose-white suddenly changed to vivid scarlet and black, for the underwing is even more gorgeous; the black-fringed wing is deep rose or scarlet. One or two powerful strokes lifted the long but light body, and one after the other — not in a scared mob — the birds trailed to a safer distance. The swanlike necks were stretched, the long pink legs trailed behind, when the birds were on the wing; the body lifts with each powerful wing-stroke, neck and legs sag slightly.

Well may the systematist puzzle how to classify, where to place, the flamingo. The four species and some subspecies are now recognized as deserving an order to themselves — *Phœnicopteri*, from the color, or *Odontoglossæ*, from the thick, toothed tongue. Huxley was perhaps the first to advocate the distinct group, for the flamingoes stand alone, and standing are distinctive. The long legs, so necessary for wading, trailed behind in flight, at once recall the herons, but the neck is not drawn back as in the heron and egret. The webbed feet are those of goose or duck, and the bill has points in common with the plankton-sifting species. The underdown of the body-covering is anserine, as is the deep, metallic voice, but there are many structural characters which correspond closely with those of herons and storks. Relationship to the bustards has been advocated, and a glance at the chalky eggs might suggest the cormorants and gannets, or even the grebes.

We watched the birds after they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alighted, still within easy range of our glasses, and we saw many more on this and other étangs. Where do they all nest? Our local ornithologist told us that they had ceased to nest in the Camargue, and was proud of two eggs that he found some years ago. But he is wrong, for about three months prior to our visit Mr. W. E. Glegg discovered some three hundred eggs on the muddy islets. It is true that he found few of the moundlike nests, and that most of the eggs were 'dropped' or scattered haphazard. A few days later the islands were flooded and the eggs, presumably, all destroyed. Yet, as he points out, the birds may have better luck on other islands, for it is certain that they do nest somewhere; the numbers are increasing.

That there are thousands of flamingoes in the Camargue is no wild statement. We saw two or three lines of birds so long that they could scarcely contain less than a thousand individuals in each. Among those within range we saw no young birds, and this was Dr. Clarke's experience in September 1896, when he estimated the flamingo population as between a thousand and fifteen hundred. But surely this is no proof that young birds have suffered, or that eggs have failed to hatch. Many flocks were far beyond the effective range of the telescope; plumages were indistinct. When the Camargue is too much under water to provide flats suitable for nesting, the flamingoes, it is asserted, cross to Africa; and it may be that the young of the year, so soon as they can fly, also retire to the other shore of the Mediterranean. Many young birds migrate before their parents are ready to leave nesting-haunts, and in some cases, especially among colonial species, the old birds encourage this juvenile desire to wander; sociable habits have advantages, but there are limits to the number of individuals which any particular area can support.

Young birds are much browner than when mature, and do not attain full plumage until about the fourth year; and in the bill also is indication of youth. The curious bend and the deep under mandible to hold the thick tongue are acquired gradually, for in the nestling the bill is straight and not unlike that of a newly hatched heron. The bent bill is adapted for the peculiar method of feeding, and the chief food obtained, the little crustacean, *Artemia salina*, may influence color. The waters of the salines are at times tinted red through the abundance of brine-shrimps, each adding its speck of hæmoglobin. In captivity, when this food is denied the birds, the rosy tints gradually bleach; but experiment in America and in the London Zoölogical Gardens proves that the color may be preserved by the mixing of certain dyes with the food supplied, or by giving them suitable reddish crustacean diet.

We parked the car in a rough and stony side-track to one of the small farms, where shaggy, unbroken horses came to stare with wild, nervous eyes, snorting at the unfamiliar vehicle and dashing off with squeals when we approached. Then we tramped over miles of dry level, where the recent rain had failed to moisten the parched, sun-cracked track. The haze danced, obscuring the view of an apparently limitless plain, dotted here and there with ruins, remnants of long-neglected farms or of more subtantial buildings erected ages ago by Moor or Roman.

Here was pasture for neither bull nor horse; a goat would have found life precarious. Brightly colored grasshoppers and big gray locusts, metallic tiger beetles, and hosts of bloodthirsty clegs and horseflies had the wastes to themselves. At last we reached the shore, salt-encrusted and dry, of another étang, or portion of the one we had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visited, according to the height of the water. Here were more flamingoes, many gulls and a few terns, and far away to the west was the only sign of human habitation, a lighthouse on the distant coast.

Along the shore, where some attempt had been made years ago to check inroads of the sea, were scattered the pink and white feathers of the flamingo, but the birds themselves were far away and time was passing. We reentered the marsh, where among reeds, rushes, and tamarisks were other species of birds, and in the ditches green tree-frogs, croaking like diminutive corn-crakes, and leaping before us from stem to stem, never missing their aim.

During our absence our chauffeur had turned his attention to ichthyology, and now was busy washing small eels from a mass of slimy mud that he had scooped from a ditch; he packed a score, slithering unhappily, in his handkerchief and stowed them away in the tool box.

On the return journey the fighting bulls — black, stocky, long-horned beasts — were occasion for another halt. They were peaceful enough when we saw them, browsing or resting in the thick aquatic fringe; they were less interested in us than were the horses. Bullfights in Arles, until recently, were play compared with the Spanish contests, but the blood lust has reached the Arles arena, and now from time to time the bulls are slain. In the ancient arena were sinister stains in the sand, for on the previous Sunday no fewer than fifteen hundred spectators had witnessed the slaughter of four bulls. Driven by wild horsemen, armed with tridents, from their peaceful marshes, steered through narrow, crowded streets to the fatal arena, they had been goaded to fight for their lives to make a reincarnated Roman holiday.

A sullen, leaden Mediterranean drove the soaked *Posidonia* strands against the balks at Les Sainted Maries, where the quaint building, half church, half fort, stands to commemorate the landing of the three Marys, Martha, Lazarus, and Sara, the last the patron saint of gypsies. The pilgrims who come annually to visit the shrine believe that the holy water first flowed when the sailless, oarless boat miraculously brought the exiles from Joppa. Doubtless they also believe that Martha traveled north, and with holy water and girdle subdued Tarascon's dragon.

But the healing stream has failed to overcome a more serious pest, and the little seaside village is at the mercy of the malarial mosquito. No wonder, for stagnant pools and ditches are everywhere. Gnat and mosquito, cleg and horsefly, make life in the Camargue in autumn anything but a pleasure trip, and were it not for the birds a visit would be purgatory — or worse. Flamingoes compensate for many inconveniences.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LESSON OF LORD LEVERHULME[1]

PORT SUNLIGHT'S HENRY FORD

I

THE career of the late Lord Leverhulme has a great deal to teach us in these days; paradoxically, it perhaps has more to teach us now than it would have had in the days when instructors in life and morals like Dr. Smiles deliberately set out to hold up to admiration as a perfect example of rectitude the man who carved his own fortunes out of nothing and became rich. Nowadays the man who starts with little or nothing and becomes a multimillionaire is too easily called a profiteer, and is too lightly dismissed as selfish rather than as public-spirited, for the Dr. Smileses to be among the best-sellers. Nevertheless, as we are in great danger of going to an extreme in reaction and of believing that personal industry, inventiveness, and character have had their epoch and cannot play a very admirable part in our modern world, it is useful to look at Lord Leverhulme's career and ascertain what he stood for and what good he did.

We are in no doubt ourselves that men like Leverhulme and Mr. Henry Ford, who, so to speak, have made several blades of corn grow where one grew before, do more, not only to create employment, but to enrich the hand-worker, than can be done by any conceivable scheme devised by a government. If Lord Leverhulme had not burst upon the industrial world, the great soap industries associated with his name, and the vast ramifications of production in tropical Africa which supply those industries with their material, would not have been called into being. This country would have been the poorer to that extent; the workers who have drawn high wages under excellent conditions in the Leverhulme factories would have been the poorer to that extent. Leverhulme became rich, as it were, by accident, or at all events incidentally. His amazing application to work, his long hours, the unflagging staff-work that continually went on in his brain, had not as a motive a desire to make money: he was a great trader and an organizer because he loved enterprise and organization.

In the same way, Mr. Henry Ford did not start with the object of making money — or rather he started with the object of making money only as the last of the objects which he envisaged. His first object was to supply the best motor-car that could be produced at a very low price, since he recognized that the day had come for a motor to be a popular possession and not a luxury; and his second object was to pay high wages to the people employed in producing his mass-production motors. As he succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, he could not, of course, avoid making money, and he is, as we know, an extremely rich man; but the fact remains that in the process of becoming rich he has benefited millions. It is obvious that, if what we may call the hire or rent of his brain is spread over the multitude of hand-workers who enjoy prosperity through his enterprise,

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *May* 16; the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *May* 16

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the amount paid per head for the hire or rent is very small. In America the mass of people on the whole are therefore inclined to say: 'Henry Ford did it for us. We do not grudge him his money.' In this country the mass of workers on the whole are inclined to point to a man like Lord Leverhulme and say: 'Capitalist, bloodsucker, hypocrite! He grew rich out of the miseries of the people.'

Mr. W. H. Lever, who in due course became Lord Leverhulme, was born in 1851 at Bolton, the son of a small grocer. He did not start from scratch, because his father was no doubt a capitalist in a very small way, but he started not far ahead of the scratch line. When he left school and began to handle the shutters and the goods in his father's shop, no article, as he used to tell his friends, made more impression upon him than soap. The soap was supplied by the wholesaler in uncomely and scarcely manageable lengths which were not even wrapped up in paper. The young Lever almost at once made up his mind that he must look into this matter of soap and see what improvements were possible. Many years afterward, when he was the owner of a valuable collection of historical relics, he pointed to a jug and basin of diminutive size which had once belonged to Marie Antoinette. He remarked that even the aristocracy in the days of the French Revolution did not make a very large provision for washing, and added that the advance of civilization could probably be correctly expressed in terms of soap.

No other country, except perhaps Yorkshire, could have produced Leverhulme exactly as he was. His eccentric humor was as unmistakable as it was full of surprises. If anyone was unduly intent upon discovering in the successful industrialist a patron of the arts, Leverhulme was always ready to put him in his place by being thoroughly commercial when he was expected to be artistic. On the other hand, he could be artistic, for his love of painting was genuine, when he was expected to be commercial. 'I am not a philanthropist,' he once said to a visitor who burst out in admiration of all the amenities provided for the workers at Port Sunlight, 'I am a soap-maker.'

He was prodigal in his generosity, but he was also an autocrat. No advice was so good to him as his own, and when he became deaf with advancing years he said that deafness was an advantage as it prevented him from listening to advice. He overworked himself all his life, but was an advocate of a six-hour day for factory hands. He was the greatest champion in England of copartnership and of high wages and salaries. The best story told of him is, we think, that about the manager of a soap factory that he took over. Leverhulme inquired what salary the manager had been paid, and when he was told that it was £3000, he said that in future it should be £15,000. The manager absolutely refused such a salary. He knew that Lord Leverhulme would expect returns in proportion, and he knew that he could not produce them. So the dispute went on — Leverhulme trying to impose the huge salary and the manager refusing to be 'stuck' with it. We gather that the manager won, though it seems odd to apply the word to a such a combat.

Leverhulme met his match again in Lewis and Harris, where the islanders preferred to be independent rather than prosperous, and yet again in Sierra Leone, where the native producers were not at all prepared to be industrialized. But he was seldom defeated. In 1894 the authorized capital of Lever Brothers was £1,500,000. In 1922 it was £130,000,000. In recent years the workers, as copartners, have been draw-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing £250,000 a year in dividends. He spent £1,000,000 a year on advertising.

II

A few weeks before his death, Lord Leverhulme, in his presidential address to the Institute of Certified Grocers at Scarborough, said that he felt sure that the greatest help to any of them was fear, and that 'fear had been his best friend.' His 'first recollection was fear.' He had a 'fear of continuing a clerk at his father's business,' and that fear persuaded his father to put him on the road as a commercial traveler at the age of nineteen. He married as a partner at the age of twenty-two, and then 'fear came as to whether the profits would keep a wife.' Later 'fear drove him into soap.' Soap known as Sunlight and widely advertised was floated as a company in 1894, and in the words of one of his numerous obituaries, 'the years that followed marked the growth of a business ideal that was almost epic in its triumphs and ramifications.'

He first came into public notice in a famous lawsuit against Lord Northcliffe, in which he claimed damages for the assertion that he was forming a soap trust. Lord Northcliffe saw competitive soap advertisements disappearing from his papers and entered into the campaign with that characteristic vigor and energy with which he crushed so many things he did not like. When, however, it was proved that correspondence from 'A Mother of Five' at Peckham, or 'Senex' at Surbiton, had been written in the Harmsworth offices by Northcliffe's staff, things began to look black in front of a jury of aspiring Leverhulmes. Sir Rufus Isaacs spent a day in cross-examining a witness in whose armor he could find no joint. He told me that he had stayed up till four in the morning before advising a settlement running to scores of thousands. Lord Leverhulme pocketed the money, which I believe he gave to charity, and then proceeded to complete the formation of his soap trust. His implacable attempts to pursue all the newspapers who had innocently copied Lord Northcliffe's charges proved failures, the British juries apparently discouraging a desire for vengeance rather than vindication, and the verdicts were generally given for the defendants.

The soap trust continued its triumphant career, squeezing out or licking up all its competitors. Port Sunlight, a model village, organized on a kindly, patriarchal system, rose on the dismal banks south of the Mersey, and all the employees were assisted to obtain financial benefit from the development of the trust. Sir William Lever became not least of our merchant princes, rising before his workmen and working long after they were in bed.

His energy turned him toward other fields to conquer. He entered Parliament after four unsuccessful attempts. I remember him in the corridors as a quaint figure scurrying along sideways with his back to the wall, who always called us sir. His speeches were infrequent, but always devoted to good causes such as old-age pensions and adequate to the standard of those expected from a millionaire. Later, however, he retired, not without some harsh words about that unfortunate assembly.

He embarked also in the region of art, laudably patronizing modern painters by entrusting them with depicting his own image. There remains for posterity one priceless portrait, painted by Mr. G. Hall Neale, of Lord Leverhulme in full Court dress and a sword posed in an aspect of dignity and pride beside a Louis XIV table and with a background of Old Masters. Unfortunately his laudable ambition

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carried him on to the desire to be painted by a painter. In the case of Augustus John he cut out the head and sent the surrounding portions back to the artist with the very natural explanation that he had managed to lock up the head in his cabinet but that there was no room there for anything else. Later he was painted by Orpen, and a rather desolating dispute arose as to whether the price paid should be that for a picture or measured by the square yard. I say a dispute, but I know that no one enjoyed it more than Orpen, who would, I think, gladly have paid him a fee to sit to him every year for the remainder of his life. He also collected a variety of bric-a-brac, which he stored in the various pieces of England which he had bought — some, purchased under expert advice, valuable; others not so valuable.

He created a house at Hampstead which was so true to type as to be quite incredible except as the scene of a novel or play. In normal cases, a 'capitalist' who has been accused of murdering his men or ruining the poor is found to be a little wizened man living on arrowroot and ingerminating the doctrine of universal peace; or a financier on personal acquaintance is found to be courteous, cultured, and kindly, with a face similar to the Italian painters' portrayal of the Apostle whom Jesus loved. But Lord Leverhulme's residence was precisely what you would expect Lord Leverhulme's residence to be. You can see it as Act I of a play by Bernard Shaw or Granville Barker. 'Drawing-room of a self-made business man. Act II: Garden of same,' with a pergola of gigantic dimensions and land legally filched from the public common, which had previously held it and had a right to it, but was thrown open by him to organized charities as a compensation.

He generously lent this drawing-room to many drawing-room meetings for good causes. The walls were covered by the products of Victorian Art, mainly of ladies of scanty clothing or no clothing at all, — Psyche descending into her bath confronting Venus descending into her bath, — and I found it difficult myself to focus the attention of a meeting of, say, the British and Foreign Bible Society when the eyes of the younger members of the audience tended to wander from the speaker to the pictures and the eyes of the older glared at the speaker for fear of straying to the walls.

He never lacked applications from religious or uplifting societies which desired the use of his house, his eloquence, or his financial assistance. I remember speaking with him in a large Nonconformist tabernacle, desirous of raising funds. He commenced by attacking and destroying every item of the accepted Protestant creed for which the tabernacle was supposed to stand, and concluded with a short panegyric on a somewhat vague humanitarianism. It was a difficult speech to follow. But I have always hoped that the dimension of their receipts was adequate compensation for his devastation of their theology.

Like Wesley, he came to take 'the world as his parish.' Subsidiary soap-boiling and soap-material-producing societies proliferated in every corner of the habitable globe. His desire to do good made him always look for new objects of bounty. He discovered the 'stormy Hebrides,' and set himself with great energy and generosity to raise the inhabitants to the standard of civilization of South Lancashire. Unfortunately, the stormy Hebrideans desired nothing so little as this change, and when he assumed the title of Lord Leverhulme of the Western Isles their indignation found vocal expression. They refused even to accept their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

land as a gift from him, and he 'lit out.'

At the age of seventy, this elderly gentleman, who had enjoyed little pleasure except in business, suddenly took to dancing, which passed from an exercise almost to a passion. When the world delegates to the Advertising Convention were here last year, he took a prominent part in their reception and 'even joined actively in the dancing at the ball given in the Albert Hall.' He was a liberal subscriber to party funds, and in 1922 was made a peer. Any connection between these events is, however, disproved by the fact that his peerage was given by a Coalition of Liberals and Conservatives.

The end of his life was in part clouded by resentment at the high taxation put on the rich to pay for the war. I have seen letters from him protesting against methods which 'will kill all incentive or endeavor for men to accumulate great wealth and become millionaires.' He died of pneumonia at the early age of seventy-four, inflamed perhaps by the change from West Africa to England and by his honest indignation against Sir Hugh Clifford's refusal to allow the land of the natives to be sold to a subsidiary soap-boiling company. His death was sudden, his illness being revealed to the public only when he was unable to be the chief speaker at the annual luncheon of the Wigan Rotary Club. It cast a gloom over the All Arts Week which was to have opened on Monday. He went out, as all others, helpless into the darkness.

One wishes he could at least have lived to read his obituary notices: 'a prince of industry,' 'aiming always at bigness,' 'seeing that efficiency under present conditions must run to size.' 'Only the snobs and the Socialists,' asserts one paper, 'would criticize his career.' 'The more you hear of him,' says another, 'the more astounding seems the prowess of this man who has bought the great London mansions of two dukes.' 'The lessons to be learned from Lord Leverhulme's career,' asserts another, 'are many, and all of them inspiring.'

A WAR-TIME ADVENTURE IN THE HOLY LAND[1]

BY ERNST KLARWILL

In September 1917 I received orders to report to the military mining administration for the Near East in Constantinople. After all the requisitions at home and in conquered territory, and even after the opening up of long-abandoned mines, the army's hunger for metal was still unsatisfied, and it had been decided to begin operations in Near Eastern copper-mines which had not been used for centuries. Some ten years before I had been engineer in the Anglo-American Mining and Trading Company, and with a few Englishmen as professional colleagues had been engaged in mining on the Hauran plateau. As the next train from Haidar-Pasha station did not leave until the following day, I had time to increase my outfit and to look about Constantinople a little. Even then the city was a picture of the most fearful misery, for while a

[1] From the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Liberal daily)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thin crust of society lived in riot and revelry, turning night to day and keeping the champagne flowing, hundreds of human beings were dying of hunger.

The train that bore me southward and away from all this had a way of stopping out in the open country, often for from three to six hours at a time. At Eregli we waited a full eight hours for a train coming in the opposite direction with reserve troops. When this at length pulled in, the spectacle of the woebegone figures that filled the open cattle-trucks was hardly calculated to make my heart beat higher. Frail children, exhausted old men, even a good many cripples with shot wounds scarcely healed, were being sent to the front, for Turkey had been at war since 1911 and had sacrificed her best troops at the Dardanelles and in the Caucasus. Such cannon fodder as was left surpassed in dismalness even the fantasies of Callot and Goya. After this ghastly vision we went rolling on and on at tortoise speed through the Cilician Gate and the Taurus tunnel — the masterpiece of German engineering — to Aleppo, Homs, and Damascus. Here at last I could get out of that train of martyrdom and into a military automobile driven by a Viennese chauffeur over a new-made road, past the Lake of Tiberias, through Nazareth, to Jerusalem, where my task was assigned me.

On the west coast of the Dead Sea, near the Thirbet-Mird, are the remains of the immense copper-mines of the Byzantine period. At this spot on the Bahr-Lut, the Sea of Lot, as the Arabs call the Dead Sea, work had already been carried so far that there was prospect of success. Labor was already on the spot.

Knowing that I should necessarily be in Jerusalem frequently, I made sure to reserve rooms in Hughes Hotel. The silhouette of the Holy City, as I remembered it, was still the same, but the throng in the streets had fundamentally changed. When I had last been there, Jerusalem was filled with pilgrims, who flowed thither from all the principal countries. To-day there was a lively bustle in all the narrow streets, but whichever way I looked I could see nothing but soldiers, mostly Turks mingled with a good many Germans, and, like a greeting from home, the blue-gray uniforms of the Austrian gunners.

Toward evening I drove off in a motor-car along a good new road to my destination, rolling through a cool valley strewn with granite blocks and boulders, with nowhere a trace of trees or flowers, or even of green grass, and with nothing but thorny shrubs to break the whitish gray of the plain here and there. As fitting a way to the sea of eternal damnation as anyone familiar with the Bible could desire. To the south, however, opened a wonderful prospect. Before me in the warm light of the setting sun lay the broad mirror of the Dead Sea, its gigantic expanse of water surrounded by mountains, rising in sharp outline to the heavens, their tremendous cliffs illumined as if bathed in molten gold. I gazed in delight over the waters, which were tossing under a gentle breeze and ranged through all tones, from a deep violet-blue to a shining, glimmering yellow-red, vanishing at length in the immeasurable distance in the glowing evening sky.

A half-hour's journey brought me to my post, a little working-camp of wooden huts and tents on the west coast of the sea. The only Europeans here were two German foremen, both experienced miners. Besides these there were three hundred Arab workmen and twenty old soldiers from the Turkish reserve. Next morning I looked over the ground. If I had had the requisite means of working, the proper furnaces and machinery, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gigantic heaps of slag would alone have sufficed to satisfy the copper needs of all Mitteleuropa. Along the mountains everywhere towered masses of ore, dark green in color, covered with a thousand-year-old patina. The Byzantines, who had to pursue a wasteful system of exploitation, confined themselves to working only the most valuable deposits.

Only one who is accustomed to the methods of the Orient will understand the torments I now had to endure. Nothing was ready at the right time. Always and everywhere I had to struggle against an unconquerable indolence. If I had once been harsh, the whole crew would instantly have developed sicknesses of every kind. The worst of all were a couple rogues from Usdum, the Sodom of the Biblical times, and in my angry moments I often wished that all its modern inhabitants, the whole miserable lot, might suffer a new rain of fire and brimstone.

In spite of all handicaps, I managed at length to make an end of the preliminary work. Meantime winter was drawing on; and when upon the distant mountains the snow began to be plainly visible, to our dismay another music mingled with our usual night concert of howling jackals — the distant thunder of artillery. Immediately there was a violent upheaval among my Arabs. There was no room for doubt. The artillery fire came nearer and nearer, not only from the south, but also from the east, and one fine morning in February all my laborers had disappeared. Thereupon I ordered my faithful few to march off to the nearest bridgehead of Jericho, while I myself hurried off by motor to Jerusalem to get new orders. As I left the Jordan plain I could hear the thunder of cannon very close. Even the rattle of machine-guns was now easily audible. Airplanes were swarming everywhere, mostly English — only now and then one with the iron cross.

On to Jerusalem! There I hoped I might conceal myself. Bethany was behind me, and my car was already climbing the Mount of Olives, when I halted to look over the terrain below. I was lifted above the whole tormented land. Now rang in my ears the words of the Koran: 'Open your eyes and look about you, for what you see to-day you shall never more behold.' Before me lay the city in the light of an early spring sun. Every pinnacle of the far-flung city wall, every tower, every minaret, was sharp and clear. To the north, in a thick cloud, hung the dark smoke of the artillery duel. There could be no doubt, Jerusalem had fallen and the Turkish army was in full retreat. Relying on my excellent English, however, I did not give up my plan. Moreover, I was wearing a spotless khaki uniform. And so, heads up! I decided to push on afoot until I reached the southern gate of the city. The English were moving in from the south. If I came from the same direction I might hope to get into the city unharmed.

After two hours' wandering I at length struck a tremendous transport-column moving into the Gate of Zion, and mingling with Arab guard, thus made my way into the city, where I soon extricated myself from the throng and made my way through empty streets to my hotel, straight to the manager, whom I knew to be trustworthy. Afterward, in the darkness, I hoped to be able to slip back through the outposts.

Hughes Hotel was swarming with British officers. There were crowds of them in the hall, each with the indispensable whiskey-and-soda before him. All the benches, all the chairs, even the stairs, were thick with them. The throng was fearful, and I could get through it only with difficulty. Already I had reached the first landing when an officer sitting on the topmost step gave

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me a sharp glance. 'You will certainly know me again,' I thought to myself, and, emboldened by my success so far, was pushing on to the hotel office, when the Englishman stood up and followed me. 'Don't turn, don't turn around!' said something inside me. I slackened my pace obviously, but the Englishman only walked the faster, and then — oh, horror! — I heard behind me a 'Hullo!' and my name. I felt as though the whole hotel were beginning to whirl around me. Obviously the manager had betrayed me. Already I saw myself a prisoner, clad in rags, hungry and thirsty, but I went straight on, until my pursuer stood behind me and gave me a tremendous slap on the shoulder: 'Hullo, old fellow, don't you know me any more?'

Before me stood Webster, tall Joe Webster, with whom I had shared an office in London for many a year when I was with the Mining and Trading Company, and who had been a faithful companion in my tent and on the hunt in my expeditions to the Hauran plateau.

And now happened what obviously had to happen — we forgot national hostilities and fell into each other's arms. When the first surprise of the meeting was over, Joe told me, over a tremendous bottle of golden-yellow Cyprus wine, that he had joined the Royal Flying Corps soon after the outbreak of the war and had for the last six months been fighting in the Near East, whither he had been ordered because of his familiarity with the country. We exchanged war experiences on the best of terms until at length I raised the question: 'What are you going to do with me?' Joe grinned pleasantly: 'That 's very simple. I 'll get a good rope, tie you up hand and foot, and pass the whole package over to my commander. He will be very much surprised. Well, my dear old fellow,' he went on, as I had perceptibly lost color a little, 'as a matter of fact, I 'll wake you up at six o'clock tomorrow and we 'll take a good long walk together in an interesting locality, for the sake of the good old days.'

And thus it happened. About eight o'clock we went to the flying-field, some three kilometres south of Jerusalem, and soon Joe's tremendous biplane was whirling us both off through the sunny, ice-cold morning air. That was a journey indeed! A favorable wind was blowing, and we flew at full speed to the north. Of the glorious landscape I saw practically nothing, for the icy wind chilled me terribly. After two hours we landed on the Plain of Jezreel, near dJenin, far behind the Turkish lines. Here, when I said farewell to Joe and wanted to thank him for this proof of true friendship, he interrupted me hastily: 'No useless words, my boy. You 'd have done the same thing in my place. Shake hands, and let 's hope to meet in better times.'

A few moments later the huge dragon-fly rose from the earth and, gilded by the sun, whirled in a huge spiral up into the blue heavens. It took a sharp course toward the south and soon was lost to sight. Thus ended my adventure.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SOUTHRON IN SCOTLAND. II[1]

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

An incurious stranger might traverse Eastern Scotland without anything suggesting the existence of political or social unsettlement. And he might almost do the same in the West if he kept the newspapers away from him. Glasgow is a remarkably orderly town, even in the parts where disorder must be most indigenous. Traversing some of the worst quarters by night and by day, one encounters few signs of misery translating itself into political danger. Subdued civility is the note of a population of whom something like a sixth must be living on Unemployment or Poor Law allowances. One is made half-ashamed by the docility with which the denizens of mean streets open their doors and allow a perfect stranger to inspect their hearth and its poor possessions as one would look at museum specimens.

But one cannot rove in Glasgow or its adjacent 'Black Country' without feeling it impossible that revolutionary politics should not germinate in such a setting. The dreary and grimy impersonality of Capital as here exhibited is one goad; the ugliness and constriction of what is set apart as a 'home' must be another and a greater. Mere economic poverty is a minor factor in the case, and indeed, so far as that goes, Glasgow, like nearly all Scotland, has made great advances in a generation. When I knew its worst quarters fairly well in the late eighties it was a city of horrible figures and faces: some of its most public thoroughfares were patrolled by ragged shapes in whose countenances want and evil had set their seal to give the world assurance of a fiend. There are no such people in Glasgow now, and there is no such derelict wretchedness. Watching the applicants for relief at the parish offices, it was impossible to mistake the raised minimum both of comfort and of self-respect.

One must realize, of course, that where conditions improve but expectations of life rise still higher the result is politically the same as if conditions worsened and expectation stood still. 'The rights of man' have gained an expanded significance, and what was once tolerable has become tolerable no longer. But short commons are not among the immediate provocatives. The main incentives to discontent are the amount of bad housing, the fear of unemployment, the desolate sense of having only a 'system' for master, and that sharpening of the æsthetic consciousness which is as noticeable in Scotland as in the sister kingdom. The revolt is against an ugly world as well as against a hard one — and this particularly among leaders of all but the most cynical class. The typical kind of Labor men in the West are outwardly, many of them, 'tough propositions.' One might not think the graces counted for much in their reckoning. As long as you are in argument with them, nothing is apparent but the mixture of Covenanter and Jacobin. They are stout fellows; there are few of them with whom one would not 'go tiger-hunting.' But beneath the crust they are not only human, but human-

[1] From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), *April* 5, 12, 19, 26

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ist. You find keen sportsmen, enthusiasts for literature and music, men with a far greater interest in the Art of Life than their dialectic would ever suggest or their opportunities permit them to pursue. This thwarted humanism has often had as much to do with driving them 'wild' as either natural militancy, doctrinaire obsession, or philanthropic excitement.

For the present their attitude to economic questions seems unhelpful enough. With all their influence over the mass of Labor, they will not help an increase of production, and they will not further the quickest remedies for horrible housing. Pointing to the development of supermachinery and its supersession of man power, they claim that the harder a man works the faster he is evicting his fellows from a job. It is useless to suggest to them that higher production means cheaper production and cheaper commodities; that cheaper commodities mean a greater margin for the consumer to gratify fresh wants; and that the gratification of such wants calls fresh industries into existence. They are pledged that the Capitalist system must fall, and they will do nothing that seems likely to prolong its respite. So Glasgow Labor follows a gospel that makes Glasgow goods dearer to buy and more difficult to sell.

The faith of Scottish workmen in Free Trade is decaying, and Labor Members quite unconnected with the Clyde have been confessing privately that they do not see how industry can be maintained without Protection.

But it is upon the Housing question that Labor policy weaves the most vicious circles. It stirs up discontent and profiteers on it with political glee. And all this time that it frightens the private builder away by its no-rent campaigns it condones the leisurely selfishness of the building trades, and it throws all its weight into the obstruction of the steel house or any other rapid remedy. On general economic questions these men have locked up their minds and thrown away the key. In this special connection one is sometimes tempted to say they have locked up their hearts as well.

It must certainly need the most seared feelings to resist anything which would extricate men, women, and children from many of the inhuman habitations that I visited. The lodging-houses of Glasgow have been the subject of some sensational descriptions. I went through some of the poorest, and cannot honestly say that, taking everything into consideration, I found any occasion for scandal. They are certainly horribly stuffy, but if one were to open a window the occupants would with one voice cry out upon wanton cruelty. You cannot force fresh air upon people who will not have it. It is the families in single rooms whose case is urgent, and especially the brave women doing all they can to hold squalor at bay by papering and repapering damp walls, keeping clean floors when they have to store their coals under the bed, and offering their mankind as many as possible of the cheering aspects of good housewifery. There are others, of course, who are broken by their surroundings. Some of the slum tenants removed to the new Corporation dwellings on Hamilton Hill stole back to their foul but familiar corners, and could be evicted only by the abstraction of doors and windows. But there are heroines living in Anderston and Cowcaddens 'houses,' where they have to burn gas all day to keep out the darkness, and fire all night to keep out the damp.

Nothing that I saw in Glasgow was worse than what I was taken to in the adjacent districts of Hamilton and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wishaw, where there are rows of houses, 'single ends,' with a maximun dimension of about thirteen feet, occupied by miners and others, into which all water for domestic use has to be carried from outside, and on which dilapidation is rapidly doing its worst. This is the one district I have seen in Scotland whose condition has visibly worsened. With its foul, undisciplined smoke not only darkening its own skies but thwarting the vigorous antismoke measures of Glasgow whenever an east wind blows, and with its whole landscape presenting the most repulsive portrait of 'Capital,' it must offer an ideal breeding-ground for Bolshevism. Here the naked eye can watch humanity sinking into the mud.

It is the Scottish way to conduct everything with 'the rigor of the game,' and commerce and industry among the rest. The successful Scotsman of business is usually one who has been very hard on himself. It is easy for him to forget what a new age demands from him in the treatment of others. But his unawareness has tried the social conscience very far, and he has sown much that he is reaping in the shape of Labor unreason.

'There is n't much excitement to-day,' said the hotel lift-man apologetically on Sunday morning. He was right. The Glasgow Sunday was much as ever — a day when the stimulus of work was withdrawn and the combined weight of dreary architecture and negative morality sat heavy upon the soul.

Glasgow is not a city to dream in, and when its industry imported the Irishman, who must have his dreaming-time, it took to itself a full cargo of social discord. A scheme of life based on 'gear and grace' ('Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word') could not assimilate a race touched to lighter, if not to finer, issues. The Irish submission was a slow and sour one, mitigated by shebeening and its crude consolations. But there were others who could not fill the void of the Sabbath with gluttonous 'diets of worship,' and became the sullen prisoners of the inelastic code. Unction and ugliness turned many a mild and harmless Bohemian into a social malcontent. There was once a little girl who resigned herself to the prospect of reaching Heaven only by the hope that she might occasionally 'go out and play with the little devils.' It must be a very strong-minded people among whom the Glasgow Sunday would not win the little devils some popularity. Though there is counter-restraint. In no city are 'temptations' of any kind less tempting. In Glasgow, if nowhere else,

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.

The concrete result seems to be, in football terms, a draw. Glasgow has little ill behavior, but a heavy load of boredom for those who come short of its own *præfervidum ingenium*.

The two classes tend to sharpen their respective features by mutual resentment. A Saturday evening paper prints a page and a half of church notices, and there is more intense churchgoing in Glasgow to-day than in any other Scottish city. That I take to be in part a reaction to the Irish question. The Presbyterian is moved to assert himself, much as one will attend the English Church in a foreign resort (by way of 'showing the flag') who would scarcely think of doing so at home.

But Sunday only accentuates that starvation of the senses which on week days persecutes every unoccupied hour. There is so little to please the eye, so little pattern of life to excite the interest, so little self-expression in the collective movement, so much that is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

featureless in the spectacle. The lack of tradition is strangely vivid in a leading thoroughfare like Argyle Street. For all its size and bustle it has the air of some Far Western town in which no standards are yet established, and where the newest arrival might as easily set the fashion as the oldest inhabitant. 'Gear and grace' have let slip the moulding of these million lives. No other formative vision has taken their place. Highly engined respectability and hangdog indifference confront each other uncreatively, each on the defensive.

But what a power of mind, heart, and will is concealed behind this surface so lacking in carriage, gesture, and art-form! The crossword puzzles in Glasgow newspapers are addressed to a strenuous people. The London crossword is a mere flattering digestive. The Glasgow variety at once diverts the blood-stream to the cortex — which every physician will tell you is a thing to be avoided after dinner. Such straws show how the wind blows. Wherever you go with serious purpose you meet purposeful intelligence and efficiency. Whether it is a big draper explaining why 'narrow shops make bad stock,' a caterer describing his employment of Industrial Psychology, a shipping firm displaying their organization, or a public official giving you the 'hang' of his department, there is the same concise and lucid expression, the same forceful enthusiasm, the same receptiveness and deliberation keeping pace with action.

The Glasgow Corporation is something of which no one can speak lightly. Its tramways make the taxi almost a superfluous institution. It has got the factory chimney under such control that the smoke problem has been reduced to that of the domestic hearth and what is blown across the city from neighboring and more negligent areas. It has torn out masses of building to give the air-space which last century thought a vain thing; it builds new houses that are cheerful and civilizing, and I cannot believe that it would not empty the slums at a rapid pace if Labor gave it a fair chance. The Socialists constantly cite its achievement as an argument for Collectivism, and they certainly have recourse to many a worse.

And yet Glasgow is a place from which men flee when their business is accomplished. For human nature's daily food it is top-heavy with worthiness. Just now it has a lamentably large 'idle class.' It seems to need a smaller one at the other end, capable of leading it in entertainment and expressiveness, as when the tobacco lords paraded the Broomielaw 'in scarlet cloaks, curled wigs, cocked hats, and bearing gold-headed canes.' There is such a distressing faintness of color about company-directors. People spoke of the Students' Hospital Carnival of a few weeks before as a refreshing outburst of youthful spirits that took the town by storm. That seems what the Americans call a 'pointer.' The next benefactor of the University should establish a Chair of Fun.

Edinburgh is as sure of herself as Paris, to whose beauty her own has some cousinship. Both are externally cities of pleasure, proud in their pattern, haunted by history. Both have developed by survivorship a firm strain of humanity which takes a fine polish. Old James Law, of the *Scotsman*, to strangers remarking the towerlike men who walked Princes Street, used to explain that 'the others all die' — which the cruelty of east winds makes quite credible. But it goes deeper than that. The selection affects character too. Such overwhelming beauty and romance must be morally relaxing to all whom these stimulants set in a fever.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I never could make out that Stevenson was able to settle to much work in Edinburgh, and many lesser men have had that at least in common with him. Thousands of students, artists, and lawyers, not to speak of tradesmen and 'caddies,' from age to age, must have been paralyzed in a premature heaven of the sensibilities and weeded out by failure or flight, leaving their more stable brethren to continue the story and the race. And so just as the born Parisian is the most industrious ant of human kind, the Edinburgh citizen is an abridgement of all that is steady, regular, proper, and persistent. That is how evolution works.

But the war and all that it set in train have softened Edinburgh where it needed softening. It was not the most human of cities when I knew it. There was a capitalizing of social position that would give a stranger boy frequent use for his blushes. All that seems to have gone, leaving a kinder place and people. There may be 'war-wealth' in Edinburgh, but there is more war-poverty. The budgets of a professional city will not balance on the old scale. Simpler living has evoked more of the simpler graces to sweeten it. Edinburgh is not so chic as of old, and one misses the fine edge that used to gleam on its formalities. But it is replaced by a truer humanism, mellower on the surface and more active-minded within.

Here, as in Aberdeen, the new type of educated young woman is a conspicuous and engaging figure. Her growing sense of solidarity with all working women thaws much class-consciousness. Tonic and exacting, explicit and confident, she is, like the young Victoria, 'a resolute little tit'; full of intelligent curiosities; forthright though not bold; by no means idolatrous of the male kind, but still not evolving toward sexlessness; capable of keeping fashion in its place. It was deponed in a criminal trial the other day that 'Scotland was behind the age in cosmetics.' An observant visitor would probably give the statement a pleased, if diffident, corroboration.

Some changes move slowly; church-going diminishes, and the wireless on Sunday seems to prove rather welcome. Public golf-courses are closed on the first day of the week, and though private ones are busy I am not sure that a young advocate on his manifest way to a game feels quite undisturbed in meeting a judge. The motorist betakes himself to 'Peebles for pleesure.' For the rest there is a certain amount of inevitable loafing, but of course there are worse places than Edinburgh to loaf in, for its reveries are endless. Stevenson criticized the layout of the New Town, but I can only bless the generous imagination that drew its broad streets, determined there should be no more stuffy Canongates.

On week days Princes Street is, as ever, the most inspiriting of parades. The interior of Parliament House suggests the glamour of a great profession with more concentration than the Strand Law Courts. The student hive beyond the Meadows should find its poet some day. The pursuit of education is the stimulus to much of the Pluck that labels Edinburgh to-day more accurately than her traditional 'Pride and Poverty.' Her poor, like her antiquities, are well cared for. On the other hand, it is no secret that some of her fine libraries are not in exactly the best of order.

It remains a complex city, of various, and only slightly overlapping, circles. And, beneath them all, the old Edinburgh Bohemianism, persistent from the days of Fergusson and long before, always retiring, and now more deeply hidden than ever, still chuckles in its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

caverns to those who have a yielding ear.

Aberdeen is the delighted butt of Scotland, capitalizing as a seaside resort the curiosity aroused by legends about its streets being empty on tag days and its children being taught to save their new boots with longer steps. It certainly seems to thrive upon satire, for the rise in the standard of life is greater than any other part of Scotland can show. It gives the impression of a wholly middle-class city, and to find what used to be called 'orra folk' requires deliberate search. Some things that were pleasingly characteristic have been standardized away in this process, as when the fish-curing girl discards her homely apparel for the franchise of the silk stocking. Unemployment, which claims a roll of 4000, certainly leaves no scar upon the city's handsome face.

Aberdeen has always lived its own life, cut off as it was in the old days by the Mearns bogs, when the great north road lay across the Cairn o' Mounth. It stood aloof from the Covenant, and has always been cool and critical in its reception of national movements. Aberdeenshire must be the most Scandinavian part of Scotland; its rural intonation is precisely the same as in the Saetersdal. City and country maintain themselves as a human seed-bed, not only for Scotland, for but the world. The shire sends a steady stream into the city to be educated, and town and country boys alike take the road for London, for Canada, for the East, for South America, for everywhere. The middle-class dispersion is extraordinary: less than a third, probably, of the alumni of its proud and ancient Grammar School remain at home. The eyes of Aberdeen are in the ends of the earth, and its intellectual consciousness is keen and catholic. It is metropolitan to its finger tips, and keeps its own judgment seat. In the qualities of energy, precision, clear-headedness, it is the very pith of Scotland, and the restless march of its young people up and down its stately Union Street makes a living picture of ambition on the tether.

Nothing expresses Aberdeen, in some respects, better than the fact that it staged the *Antigone* and made a profit of four hundred pounds on it. Nowhere are culture, business, and labor better interfused, making a real social and intellectual democracy. A thought that pulses in the University will vibrate in the furthest capillaries of the community, as in a truly Athenian city. It leads Scotland in several of the material details of civilization, and it cannot long tolerate the vulgarizing electric signs that besmirch its austere beauty. The growth of æsthetic sense is shown by Epstein's latest work in its Art Gallery and in the exquisite ensemble that has been wrought of King's College Chapel.

Aberdeen tackled her slums in time, and deserves a lower infantile death-rate than that which puzzles her medical officer. I suspect it is a case for the psychologist. 'Div ye ging to the school, laddie?' 'Aye, I ging to Miss Tamson's, but she 's makkin' naething o' me.'

Dundee is the opposite of Aberdeen in many things. Its population clustered about the main street corners betoken a contented provincialism. They have a less prosperous aspect — although the withdrawal of the well-to-do to Broughty Ferry and Newport must lower the average of the picture. Dundee is an ill-hung-together town, economically as well as socially. The demand for sandbags from the American Civil War inspired an importation of Irish workers for the jute mills, who present, on a smaller scale, the same problem as in Glasgow. Female labor is in chief demand, and boy labor is largely blind-alleyed. 'We have a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rotten economy,' as a citizen expressed it. And although Dundee is 'beautiful for situation,' with a prevailing wind from up-Tay that must clear her of much smoke and germ, she has a distressing ratio of stunted humanity that gives painful vividness to the phrase 'nipped in the bud.'

Religion, Education, and Politics have been the preoccupations of Scotland for the past century. Religion has taken on a more diffused meaning, while politics are withering down to one main issue. Education runs wider, and perhaps not so deep.

There are Scotsmen, and plenty of them, to whom nothing is so distasteful as the liquidation of a well-established feud. That is what makes the disappearance of the old political landmarks so impressive. The social question seems to have drawn all the heat out of the other time-honored controversies.

Scottish Home Rule is in the shade at present, but might be called forth again by any conspicuous sacrifice of Scottish interests through congestion at Westminster. In that case it would have a more impressive backing than in the old days.

Church Union has been fostered by a common sense of weakening hold on the community and by the financial pressure of a wasteful duplication of agencies. The two Churches which have published their banns of marriage are indistinguishable in doctrine, in so far as they have, strictly speaking, any doctrine at all, for the tacit standard of most of their pulpits is that Christianity is rather a state of temper and disposition than a state of opinion.

Scottish education has always enjoyed the quickening attentions of an active public opinion. At this moment the danger is, perhaps, of public opinion getting a little too much of its own way. There is a Philistine strain which presses on the universities to put vocational interests above every other, and there is a pseudodemocratic strain which would like to make degrees more easily attainable, irrespective of whether they would be worth having.

The Scottish newspapers cannot be ignored in any survey of educational apparatus, for they are as refreshing as ever in the unfevered amplitude of their news columns and the confidence with which they demand sustained attention for matters of intelligent interest. Politically and otherwise, they seem to be conscious of a period of slack water and indisposed to forceful initiative. They keep their type, and remain among the most characteristic institutions of a country upon which much cosmopolitan influence in these days comes to bear. The Scotsman is more tolerant of importations, both good and bad, than he used to be, and he has swallowed a strong dose of materialism distilled from post-war disillusionment. But Scotland is a land of memory, where the deeper continuities lie as unbroken as old friendships. It is still a land of books and maps and rational conversation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAGGED BY A ZEPPELIN[1]

BY FRANZ SCHNEIDER

[THE author is a German mechanic who during the war was assigned to the ground service in German aviation. His account of his extraordinary adventure was submitted in a competition conducted by the German magazine *Uhu*.]

THE airship L. Z. 79 undertook a war mission to Russia on August 25, 1915. The weather was magnificent, not a cloud showing or a breeze stirring as the ship rose and disappeared in evening twilight. By the time we had cleared the landing-place it was ten o'clock, and after getting something to eat we lay down to sleep on the spot so that we might be ready instantly in case the ship returned sooner than was expected.

At seven o'clock next morning we set about our usual duties. Everything had to be ready for the landing. Two cars of gas were standing at the station, and I was ordered to help unload one and carry the stuff away before the ship came back. Four men were detailed to go to the station.

Not having had anything to eat since breakfast, we jumped into a motor and hurried off to the station in order to be back as soon as possible. The kind of work we were to do there is always very exacting, but this morning it had to be done at higher speed than usual. We were hurrying back in another motor, and had nearly cleared the last houses in the city when we saw our Zeppelin coming, far away on the horizon, and looking very much as she had before starting. We had hit it exactly right.

We reached our goal at half-past eleven, and jumped out of the motor very eager for lunch, for we had worked up a tremendous appetite, and the day's bill of fare chalked up on the blackboard said 'Peas in bacon fat with potatoes.' But alas, it was too late. The *Feldwebel* ordered us out of barracks, bidding us first help get the ship down and then come back for something to eat. We glanced dismally at our mess kits, but it was no use — we had to go. The ship by this time had been fifteen and a half hours in the air, and meantime the weather had changed greatly. The wind had blown up terribly, almost to the verge of a storm, but in spite of that it was so hot that we could hardly stand it. The ship went over the landing-place once, made a little glide and got ready to land, but it could not come down, for the wind was too strong. The same thing happened on the second, third, and fourth attempts. Now matters were getting serious. We must not lose courage, but must get ready for a fifth try. At last both landing-cables were fast in our hands, and now the worst of the work began. The boat had a tremendous lift, but we were too strong for it and dragged it down, metre by metre. We were rather warm with all this exertion, but we went to it nevertheless with all our might.

Only twenty-five metres to haul and the job was done — but suddenly there was a jerk and one of the two three-

[1] From *Uhu* (Berlin popular current-topics monthly), *March*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

centimetre cables snapped in the middle, while everybody who had hold of it sat down violently. What now? No one was excited. The command came, 'Everybody to the other rope!' But the breaking of the cable had allowed the ship to rise. Our task was to hold it down; but by this time the ship was a great deal too light for us, and confusion began. The people who had not let go in time were hauled into the air and let fall.

Unfortunately, the wind was still very gusty. A noncommissioned officer took hold in front of me, and I saw him hurled to the ground. Then suddenly another gust — and I was fifteen to twenty metres up. I hung fast to the rope with both hands, with my legs swinging in the air. The ship went higher and higher. According to my own estimate I was about forty metres below the ship, while the cable to which I clung was about a hundred and fifty metres long, and its end was still dragging on the ground, where the crew were doing their best to hold fast. But in spite of all they could do, the ship continued to rise. Several men were dragged up a little distance and then dropped off, one after another, and each time I felt a violent jerk of the rope. But the main thing was to get a better hold, for I was grasping the rope with my hands only; and though I had already tried to get a grip on the rope with one leg, it kept slipping away in spite of all I could do. Luckily we were so high by this time that the whole length of the rope hung straight down, no longer touching the earth. Now I had a chance to gather it in with my legs and get a good hold, so that I hung with a climber's grip and for the first time had leisure to look around.

I now saw that I was not alone on the rope, but that I had two companions. Two metres above me clung another man, and ten metres farther up a second, a lance-corporal. Down below us everything was growing smaller and smaller, until objects on the ground looked like so many toys. The sentries around the guardhouse were no bigger than tin soldiers — all of them staring up at us. For once in our lives we were prominent persons. We were not at first especially worried, for the view was magnificent and we supposed that we should only have to hang on for a while. In the beginning we were even glad to see the world from the air, feeling sure that the ship would be coming down immediately.

But that was not to be. The Zeppelin gave a little glide and then sailed over the railroad station and part of the city. We could see the men below only as tiny moving dots. The street cars ran along their tracks, the autos rushed through the streets — and we made our way without accident over the whole area of the city. We cut across the watchtower on our way to the landing-place and made another attempt to land, but the wind was still too strong. The ship came quite a way out of the wind's direction and so was driven off to one side, and unfortunately closer and closer to the Russian frontier. It was a strange feeling to be dangling there on the rope, swinging as a sport for the wind, turning now left, now right, now part way around. By this time I had concluded that it was no use thinking about getting down, and the main thing now was either to tie ourselves fast or else climb up to the ship. It was a rather long distance, but I should have made the attempt except for the fact that the two other men were above me, and since I could not pass them I had to think of something else.

I hung fast with my right hand and with my legs, while I tried to pull up the end of the rope and tie myself fast; but I had not strength enough — the rope was too heavy. In consequence I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had to let myself down until the rope became manageable. Metre by metre I slipped slowly downward until there were about five or six metres between me and the next man above. But when he spied what I was doing he began to get worried, and although I shouted to him to stay where he was until I had tied myself fast, he came on down after me. I did not dare to climb farther down, because he moved faster than I could. His strength was beginning to fail.

Now we were in a little knot, and the other man had slipped so far down that both his feet were on my hands. He could not come farther, and I feel sure that if he had not had something firm under his feet he would have already fallen off. Tying ourselves tighter was now our only salvation, for we were coming closer and closer to the Russian frontier. As a precautionary measure I had already twisted the rope a couple of times around my left leg, and then held it so that it made a right angle with my body. The other man settled on that, and thus for the first time we were relieved of tension, since the process of tying fast was the worst part of the whole time during which it was necessary to be resigned to the prospect of tumbling into the depths.

Many an idea came into my head. I had a notion, as we went over the Zeppelin hangar, to make a jump for it, since the distance between the end of the rope and the roof of the building did not seem very great. Then, as we passed over the watchtower and I saw the water flowing by so peacefully, and again as we went on over lofty forests, I kept getting the same idea. The only thing in this world we wanted was solid ground under our feet again.

It is perfectly impossible to write down all the thoughts that flashed through the brain of a man swaying up there in a death agony.

The whole story so far had all happened within an hour. Our ship went up and up without ceasing. Meantime the rope had been pulled tighter and tighter, so that my leg was already going to sleep. Hitherto we had had an unimpeded view, but that was over now, because we were getting into the clouds — nothing around us but fog so thick that we could see nothing except a little bit of rope near us. We could see nothing of the ship, nothing of the third man who was hanging farther up. Everything was silent. All we heard was the hum of the motors. Now we were above the cloud-level, and the clear blue heaven spread out above us — nothing to be seen of the earth except when we could catch a glimpse of fields, meadows, and woods through a rift in the clouds, all far below us and very tiny.

There! Once again! There was a kind of jerk. We thought at first our rope would break. The upper noose loosened and we both swung back and forth faster and faster, some forty or fifty metres. I began to feel a pain in both hands from the friction of the rope. A second jerk followed. I swung backward. For a moment I no longer knew what was happening, but in an instant I had recovered my senses and had to watch my companion falling into the depths and disappearing in the clouds. This happened at a height of some thirty-two hundred metres, and I thought for certain that I was tumbling with him until I noticed that the distance between us was growing bigger and bigger. I looked up and saw that the rope which I had first twisted about my leg had been pulled tight around my left foot. I was now hanging head down. The ship went up and up, and the higher we went the colder it was. I was chilled to the bone, for my warmest garment was a canvas jacket. The leg with the rope around it hurt terribly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and was already swollen and blue — practically dead. I tried to loosen the rope and let myself fall, for I could no longer endure the pain and did not care whether I lived or not. Fortunately, my efforts did not succeed, the rope being too tight, and as I could not get it loose I had to satisfy myself with the idea that in any case I could still die up there in the air, dangling from the rope, if die I must. The thought soothed me considerably.

Meanwhile we had reached our highest level — nearly four thousand metres, so the Zeppelin crew told us later. We went farther and farther. The people at the landing-place had long lost sight of us. Hitherto my companion above had held on with a climber's grip, but now that was no longer possible. His strength, too, was giving out. He let himself down slowly until he had settled on my leg which was fast in the noose — luckily for him, since if I had not been there he would certainly have gone farther, his power to hang on being almost gone. He tried to tie himself fast for safety's sake, and in this I was able to help. At first I attempted to pass the rope's end up to him with my hands, but as he could not reach it I lifted the rope with my right leg and pushed it up that way. He tied himself, and then I passed the end a couple times around my body also, enabling me to hang more securely, though not so easily as I had thought. Then I pulled up the rope with my hands and laid it behind my head; but I had to press my head back hard on the neck, for otherwise it would slip, as I was hanging head down. At last I seized it a little way farther down, pulled it up, made a loop, worked first my left and then my right arm through it, and repeated the process about six times. At last the whole job was done and a fall was quite impossible. It was difficult to breathe, but just why — whether because of the rope in which I had swathed myself, or because of the thin air — I could not tell.

Now that we had won security the journey became somewhat more comfortable. We imagined the process of landing. Necessarily we had to abandon ourselves to our fate. We had no notion where we were or in what direction we were going, but if I stretched my hand out to one side it was as good as a weather vane. It seemed to us that the beautiful blue sky was disappearing everywhere. We were already going down and passing the level of the clouds. A sigh escaped my rope-bound breast as I saw the great earth stretch out below me. Far down below we could see villages, fields, forests, meadows, and lakes, crisscrossed by railways and roads, and then forts and other defensive works, and individual objects. There was something new about this vision. It was as if we had never before seen anything like earth. It was a joy merely to see a railway train go humming along.

The ship still had to fight hard against the wind, but we could talk with one another. Among other things, my companion asked whether I had my railway pass with me. He took out his watch. Half-past one. We had been in the air for two hours In order to get my bearings, I twisted my head forward. Oh, what joy! There, in the distance, was the Zeppelin hangar again. I told my comrade. He looked at me in relief.

Two and a half hours had passed since we began our involuntary journey. We were coming closer and closer to our dear Posen and getting lower and lower. The air was growing warmer. Now we passed over the watchtower. Everything was clear for landing. The ship sank to earth with maddening speed, and now came what was for us the worst part of it all. For several reasons

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ship had to make a hasty landing. The power was giving out, and we had gone so high the Zeppelin was getting too heavy. The landing, therefore, had to be very carefully managed.

As we two hung about a hundred metres below the ship, we were the first objects that came in contact with the earth. A very dismal and intense experience. We were thrown hither and yon like footballs. First we came down in a stubble field, lay there a moment, then were jerked into the air and hurled to earth again. This process was repeated several times, until finally we were left flat on the ground and dragged along behind. My companion had meantime fallen out of the sling and run toward the gondola as his duty required.

I, however, went up and down, here and there, across ditches and through fields. I could no longer see anything. Eyes, ears, nose, mouth, were all full of sand. The main thing was to hold up my head so as not to be knocked against a boundary stone. My path lay right across it, as either I or the stone would speedily have had to realize if two men from the lighting crew had not come hurrying up and pulled the rope to one side. I was luckily out of danger, though I was still dragged a little over and finally left lying. Some infantrymen from the guard detail came up and tried to help by cutting the rope with their side arms while I was being dragged, but I do not think they succeeded. When we landed, everything was ready. An ambulance had come up as far as the accident station, and the ambulance men had cut through the knot and laid me on a litter. I was lifted with every care, and now for the first time could feel that I had escaped death.

Seven weeks in the hospital restored me to my old strength, and this was followed by a seventeen-day leave during which I had a glorious time. I shall never forget my experience, and I do not think anything of the sort will happen a second time. Only a few people know about the accident, as during the war the censorship forbade publication.

VAGABOND DEATH

BY ARTHUR THRUSH

[*Golden Hind*]

Ho! Who would glimpse me ere I pass?
Cried grinning, vagabond Death. Alas!
I looked into his clouded glass
And mine own face that white face was.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FLOOD[1]

BY LIAM O'FLAHERTY

THE river swelled silently. Thick rain pattered softly without a pause. The willows on either bank grew corpulent as their stems disappeared beneath the rising water. Swirling eddies made sudden sucking-sounds, as the increasing belly of the river tried to squeeze through the archway of the bridge. Corks, sticks, and leaves came whirling down, diving and bobbing. At dawn only the tips of the reeds were visible.

Then the tips of the reeds disappeared. The river overflowed its banks and trickled through the naked brown tree-roots on to the green grass of the fields on either side. To left and right of the bridge foam gathered, and swift streams ran along the base of the brick wall. These streams increased rapidly as the archway cut the excess from the river's girth and sent it frothing to left and right. The fields were being submerged.

Then a great flight of living things began. As soon as the gray cold light of the autumn sun dispelled the darkness of the night, myriad forms of life appeared on the green uneven surface of the fields, crawling and rushing in terror, flying from the water that approached silently from the river, making only tiny sogging-sounds as it trickled through the surface earth and through the lean grass and among the roots of the field weeds.

The flight began from the river-banks. But it spread away rapidly upward along the gentle slope of the fields. Each tiny fleeing insect roused the next, until the surface of the fields was one moving mass of black and brown and green bodies, squirming and rushing and twisting in the varied and agonizing forms of their flight.

Whither? Here, there, back and forth, an ignorant, frenzied rout of tiny things. They struggled blindly. They clawed and bit and crushed mercilessly. Each was for itself. They dashed heedlessly into roots, maiming their rain-sodden legs. Overthrown as they rushed through a channel between two thick roots, a score of different species lay on their backs, kicking the moist air with their tiny legs, while others crawled and rushed over them. Strong tall blades of grass became towers up which hundreds crawled to escape the flood. And wriggling bodies, dislodged from the summit of a blade, hurtled through the air to the fields, as from a tall precipice, to their death.

The river swelled. The banks disappeared. The flood covered the fields along either bank. Only ridges of green grass were left here and there, like islands, covered with a feverish horde of insects, cut off from retreat, waiting insensibly for the inevitable approach of the flood, struggling and devouring one another as they waited.

Amid the scum and débris floating on the water, masses of drowned insects whirled along, dead, dying, dismembered.

And each twig and piece of jetsam was a raft, covered with fierce things fighting for their lives, burrowing into clefts, clinging in silence.

The débris was carried down on the

[1] From the *Dublin Magazine* (Irish monthly), *January*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stream. It halted at the bridge, carried to left and right by the swirling currents. The currents jammed it into a mass on either side of the bridge, against the brick wall. Twigs interlaced with yellow and green scum formed a platform, and each fleck of froth, swimming down the slow tide over the fields, rushed into it, increasing it. A wall of yellowish froth rose gradually around each platform.

Cargo after cargo of insects was carried into each wall of froth by the current. Some twigs were caught by undercurrents, sucked beneath the water, and their loads were drowned. Others were jammed in the outer wall of froth, and the weakened insects, entangled in the froth, perished from exhaustion. Only the larger twigs swung straight into the press of the débris with their loads intact.

Then a terrific struggle commenced. A great mass of insects tried to climb up the brick wall. Insects that had legs clambered up first. They easily gripped the rough surface of the bricks. The first ones immediately dived into crevices.

The crevices filled. The mass pressed farther up. The wall was black with rushing things.

The green crawling insects found it impossible to gain a grip on the wall. They were too slow. Hanging on to their twigs with their tails, they raised their twisting heads into the air and then swayed forward, dabbing uncertainly at the wall with their snouts. But the movement of the current allowed the twigs only a solitary moment against the wall before they were tossed away again. So that the green serpents, reaching out for the wall, lost their balance when the twigs were tossed. They were cast into the current and drowned. The scum-covered débris was a living mass of writhing green things; strange, half-formed, primeval things, tossing their heads in the air hopelessly.

The rain ceased at noon, but the river continued to swell, draining the surfeit of water from the neighboring earth. The flood rose higher. The insects were driven up the brick wall. They struggled upward until they lay in a long thick line beneath the cement coping, like a living tide-mark.

Of the myriad things that had fled in the night only a few thousand remained. Of those survivors, some died of exhaustion and hunger during the day. They lost their hold and fell down into the water. Others, rendered desperate by hunger, surmounted the wall and descended into the roadway beyond, only to perish in the water that covered it. But the remainder stayed without movement under the coping, with their bellies jammed tight to the wall, clinging miserly to every shred of their vitality, in their great instinctive battle with the flood.

At midnight the flood reached its highest point. Then it began to fall back into the river-bed. The next morning a bright sun appeared. The flood decreased all day. At sunset the river-banks appeared. Next morning the fields were emptied of water. The river flowed sourly between its shabby banks, after its grand gesture.

Then the insects disbanded from their shelter. Slowly, cautiously, they moved down the wall into the soggy fields. On dry ground again, among their accustomed grasses and roots and weeds, they bustled about savagely seeking food and strength.

From all sides hordes of insects advanced toward the river in the wake of the flood, devouring the rich food left like a rash on the earth's face.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'FREED FROM THE FRET OF THINKING'

BY THOMAS HARDY

[*Adelphi*]

Freed the fret of thinking,
  Light of lot were we,
Song with service linking
  Like to bird or bee:
Chancing bale unblinking,
Freed the fret of thinking
  Over things that be!

Had not thought-endowment
  Ever mortals known,
What Life once or now meant
  None had wanted shown —
Measuring but the moment —
Had not thought-endowment
  Caught Creation's groan!

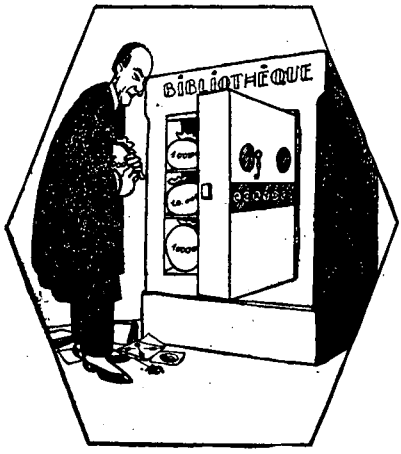
Loosed from wrings of reason,
  We might blow like flowers,
Sense of Time-wrought treason
  Would not then be ours
In and out of season;
Loosed from wrings of reason
  We should laud the Powers!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANDRÉ GIDE SELLS OUT

CONSIDER the case of M. André Gide. That eminent novelist not long since announced that he would sell at auction all books in his library with whose authors he had once been on terms of sympathy but with whom he was on terms of sympathy no longer. As most French writers had at one time or another come under his first classification, and as a fair share of these were desperately afraid they might now come under the other, M. Gide's pronouncement caused a *frisson* of perceptible dimensions.

All this was long ago chronicled in these blameless pages, but it remains still to describe the aftermath of the sale, the cheerful flippancy of one of the banned authors, the witty article the critic of the *Temps* wrote about M. Gide, the blighting letter the wrathful M. Gide penned in reply to the critic of the *Temps*, and, last of all, the prices that, after all this free and doubtless welcome advertising, the novelist's rare volumes lured from the public pocket.



121,360 FRANCS

M. ANDRÉ GIDE. As Verlaine would say, 'The rest is mere literature.'—*Nouvelles Littéraires.*

M. Paul Souday, critic of the *Temps*, was unique among the commentators upon M. Gide's astonishing proposal, — and most commentators were caustic as only French critics can be, — because his views were the only ones which drew a flash of lightning from the library where the novelist was presumably sorting his treasures for sale. The Souday article had said, in effect: 'Hoity-toity, M. Gide! Sell the books your dear friends have given you? Scandalous!' To which the seller replied in winged words that he still liked some of the people whose books he was selling, among them Paul Claudel, Romain Rolland, and Gabriele d'Annunzio. Besides which, he was n't selling *their* autographed books. As for his ex-friends, forth from his library they should go, lock, stock, and barrel, bag and baggage, and also the autographed presentation copies of their works!

There were other reasons for selling out, besides vanished friendship. M. Gide had ceased to believe in rare editions, and wanted to turn into money such as he possessed. He had a lot of his own first editions of which he was rather tired. Why not offer them for sale to the literary younger generation, who would be, in the author's own words, 'more capable of appreciating

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them than I'? Reasonable — but a trifle optimistic!

Yet not so optimistic as the cynical anticipated. The sale netted M. Gide the tidy sum of 121,360 francs, the satisfaction of being the talk of Paris, and the malicious joy of publicly affronting his ex-friends. Truly an exquisite occasion.

Twelve copies of M. Gide's own book, *Si le grain ne meurt*, fetched the best prices, 5300 francs, closely followed by an early edition of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* at 4800. Other Gide books and manuscripts sold for prices ranging between 2000 and 4000 francs, but the brothers Goncourt, Paul Claudel, and Maurice Maeterlinck were not in demand. The *Chansons de Bilitis* by Pierre Louys fetched 3600, and the proofs of the same work 2200. M. Camille Bloch bought a first edition of *Pelléas et Mélisande* for 2700, the one real Maeterlinck triumph. The sale lasted two days and the bookstore where it took place was jammed. The thrifty author took care to have thirty copies of the sale catalogue printed on special paper as rarities — at a price.

Seldom has malice been so thrifty and so profitable.

Only one man is in a position to enjoy the unchristian but delightful feeling of having got in a rapier-thrust as shrewd as any the auctioneering novelist himself delivered. This fortunate individual is the solitary victim who retaliated, the single worm that turned — a caustic novelist with a pretty gift for irony, who on hearing that the presentation copies he had once sent the unappreciative Gide were now on the index expurgatorius — in other words, among the gifts by ex-friends which were to be disposed of — straightway dispatched a final presentation copy autographed: 'To M. André Gide — to add to his sale.'

SATIRIC SIR WILLIAM

Sir William Orpen appears to be developing into a caricaturist of a very elevated and unusual type. The excitement over the satiric picture which he produced two or three years ago, instead of the group of allied leaders whom he was paid to paint, has scarcely died down when, in the most recent show of the Royal Academy in London, he offers another picture of the same sort. The new work — unquestionably the most discussed, though probably not the most important in the show — is called 'Man Versus Beast.' The scene is a French circus. On a raised platform a boxing bear has knocked down his human opponent. But this triumph of the beast over the man is not the bitterest part of the picture; rather it serves to give point to Sir William's treatment of the spectators — a group of cheaply libidinous men and women, pair by pair, who are busily engaged in caressing each other, with supreme indifference to what goes on before them. Only a monkey, sitting in the centre of them all, points excitedly to what is happening, in a vain endeavor to attract the attention of his human companions.

Sir William has been very much amused by the stir which his picture has caused. In an interview with an inquiring newspaperman he said: —

> I assure you it means nothing. It is not a problem picture, but merely a reproduction of what I have seen many times in a street not far from the Champs Élysées.
>
> I labeled it Paris so that there should be no mistake. People are so thin-skinned that you never know what they will think unless you make it clear that the scene is not supposed to be in London. Of course, I can't guarantee that the dissolute couples are not English people. Sometimes they are — in Paris, you know.

But he disclaimed the implication which certain critics have sought to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give his work. 'Anyway,' he said with a smile, 'I am not trying to show that animals are superior to men. They are not, are they?'

The *Westminster Gazette* accords the picture the unusual honor of an editorial, in which it points out the odd coincidence that the Orpen painting was accepted in the year of Huxley's centenary. The picture has, indeed, drawn attention from other works of great interest and importance. Among these are pictures of Bernard Shaw and Stephen Donoghue, the jockey, by Sir John Lavery, Sargent's last contributions to an institution which he supported during forty years, other works of Sir William Orpen's, and a very striking picture called 'A Street Accident,' by Glen Philpot, which has been bought by the Manchester Art Gallery. This shows a tragically common episode of modern life. The victim of a street accident lies outstretched, with a woman in despair at his side and a crowd gathering about. The crowd is said to be rendered with great skill, especially the mixed emotions that govern such chance gatherings—some sympathetic, some merely curious.

✽

MRS. CHESTERTON WRITES A PLAY

AUTHORS' wives have a habit of kicking over the traces ever and anon and dashing off books of their own. Mrs. Bernard Shaw began to publish translations long ago; Mrs. Conrad wrote a cookbook last year; Mrs. Arnold Bennett published a book about her husband a few months ago; and now comes Mrs. G. K. Chesterton with a morality play which she calls *Piers Plowman's Pilgrimage*, and which has been presented at the Bath Cummunity Theatre, the company having deserted its usual home to appear in the famous Pump Room. The play follows the fourteenth-century poem attributed to William Langland fairly closely, though naturally dwelling on its more dramatic elements. The Bath production was especially interesting because the Malvern Hills, from which Piers Plowman set out on that May morning five hundred years ago, are only about thirty miles away.

The Bath Community Theatre came into existence during the war, when someone suggested presenting a Christmas mystery to entertain soldiers stationed in the city. The players were gathered here, there, and everywhere, many of them from the tenements, and their production was a great success. Since the war the theatre has been kept up, and now has a home of its own where the company, mainly working men and women, continue their productions.

✽

THE BOOK FAIR AT FLORENCE

THE International Book Fair at Florence deserves consideration for two reasons: first, because it was the earliest attempt at international coöperation after the war; and, second, because of its own intrinsic merits. The exhibition includes the recent publications of eighteen nations, including countries as different as England, Germany, Switzerland, Poland, the Balkan States, South American republics, and Lithuania. Even Siam is represented with several hundred volumes, including a translation of *Romeo and Juliet*. The Government of Afghanistan had promised coöperation, but its books did not arrive.

✽

GOING TO COURT

THE London *Morning Post*, in its new supplement, prints an account of a brilliant Court reception — the kind of thing which interests everyone, man or woman, though half the human race pretends it does n't: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At first you wonder how all these people can possibly be crowded into one evening. Then there is a stir in the distance, and you realize that the doors of the throne-room have been thrown open.

Before the débutantes and married women go by, there is the *Corps Diplomatique* and those ladies who have the entrée. The former make a wonderful spectacle with their varied headdresses and glittering orders and decorations. In the old days the Russian Court dress was dazzling in its barbaric splendor. Some of the Oriental dresses are very amusing. It is almost impossible to tell the difference between the Chinese man's and the Chinese woman's dress; I am told that once at a levée the officials sent the Chinese Ambassadress past under the impression that she was a man.

Gradually the crowd falls into line, and you watch the back of the woman in front of you with feverish intensity. Suddenly, the vast vista of the throneroom opens before you; you are barely conscious that your train has been taken from your arm and arranged on the ground with a practised lightning touch. The card upon which is written your name passes from hand to hand, and as you make your first curtsey it is read out. Two sliding paces to the right and your second curtsey is achieved, your train is deftly thrown across your arm, and you are left with only one definite impression, the recollection of the Queen's smile — that personal expression of interest and kindliness which is so enthralling. Afterward you will find your way to the supper-room, where the gold plate and the brilliant Court uniforms add to the general air of festivity.

Your first Court is an accomplished fact, and I am certain that you will feel a little regretful that it is over.

♣

PHOTOSCULPTURE

A METHOD of making portrait busts with photography has been invented by a young Englishman. The sculptured portrait requires nine negatives and two cameras, all used at the same time. Light is projected through a screen on the face of a sitter, and the straight lines of the screen come out curved on the negative. A pointer on a carving machine follows these curves, reproducing them on a clay block. The whole process is done by this machine except the hair, which is too fine for the pointer to reproduce, and consequently requires hand-modeling.

♣

THE RIVALS

DIFFERENCE of opinion between two organs of British Liberalism: —

Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, *The Trial of Jesus*, was privately performed at Oxford on Saturday. — *Westminster Gazette.*

Mr. John Masefield's new play, *The Trial of Jesus*, was privately performed at Oxford on Saturday. — *Manchester Guardian.*

♣

MORE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

EXCERPT from an Indian native newspaper held up to intraimperial scorn by the Tory *Morning Post:* —

The news of England we tell the latest. Written in perfect style and much earliest. Do a murder get commit we hear and tell of it. Do a mighty Chief die we publish it in borders of sombre. Staff has each one been College, and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circulate town, and extortionate not for advertisements.

♣

THE TABULATED NOVEL

SIR JAMES BARRIE'S tabulation of novel-writing, according to George B. Burgin in *Some More Memoirs:* —

Eight pipes one ounce, two ounces one week, two weeks one chapter, twenty chapters one nib, two nibs one novel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

The House of Menerdue, by A. C. Benson. London: Heinemann, 1925. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

Mr. Benson will add to his reputation with *The House of Menerdue*, a charming story which deals with the problem of the eternal triangle in a novel setting and in a novel way. A rising young politician, — in due course a cabinet minister, — estranged from his wife through what, as time goes on, appears less and less a good reason, meets and falls in love with another woman, a nice girl in every way, and she with him. They think at first it is simply a perfect friendship, and the realization that it is a good deal more than that places them — for they are both decent people — on the horns of a cruel dilemma. In his imperative need for happiness the man has caused both to drift into a situation of which development and termination alike seem impossible.

It is to the good that Mr. Benson does not hereabouts allow his characters to indulge in heroics. Instead, with the help of a sage old lady, the mother of the girl, they reason, or try to reason, a way out.

Then comes a further complication, in the shape of advances from the wife, hitherto abroad, who is tired of her loneliness and not unwilling to resume life with her husband where it was broken off. She is a clever woman, perhaps the cleverest of the three the author so well portrays, but not clever enough, most readers will think when they reach this stage of the book, to win back what she has lost.

To tell more here would be to spoil the story, but much remains to be told, and Mr. Benson develops the situation with a sympathy and skillful drawing of character which is as good as anything he has done. Not only in this does he excel; in the painting of beautiful settings for his very human figures he does exquisite work. Few can equal him in his descriptions of the English countryside, and his pen pictures of a secluded little corner in Cornwall are excellent. As much may be said of the curious people he introduces. Mr. Cuthbert, the vicar, begins by being rather an unpleasant person, and gets worse on further acquaintance; a little less care with that particular study and the author would have made him merely a caricature. Mr. Benson deservedly has a large and faithful following; it can safely be predicted that this book will cause its number to increase.

The Death of a Millionaire, by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. London: Collins, 1925. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Herald*]

Lord Ealing, wealthy aristocrat, City financier, and ex-Home Secretary, arrives at Sudgen's Hotel half an hour before he is expected. He has an appointment for breakfast with a Mr. Restington, who has come from Russia seeking a partner to work a gold concession on the Yenisei.

But Mr. Restington is never to take breakfast again. His rooms are in disorder, and the sheets on his bed stained with blood. His secretary, who had arrived the day before with an excessively heavy trunk, full of mineral specimens, has left for Victoria; and the specimens remain behind, but the trunk is reported to have weighed as much on departure.

As the secretary is obviously Russian, and a reputed Bolshevik, it is pretty certain that he has murdered his employer and taken away the body. But why should he trouble to take away the body? Perhaps Restington has been carried off alive and is being held for ransom.

There is a fresh complication when a Mr. Culpepper, gagged and bound, is found in a cupboard in an adjoining room. He appears to be a respectable business-man, who fell into a trap on a peaceful errand, but you never know.

Meanwhile, the behavior of Lord Ealing has been more than a little surprising. Seizing an opportunity before the police come, he has ransacked Restington's papers, searching for a letter which he does not find.

Since it turns out that Restington, who was one of America's richest men, has had a curiously interesting career, you see there are here the materials of a fascinating mystery. Very skillfully have Mr. and Mrs. Cole entangled their threads, and very skillfully do they unravel them, in a story swiftly carried along by action and dialogue.

Perhaps the most brilliant thing they do is to throw a little light from the angle of the left on Big Business and other matters of interest to us — and this without impairing in the least the narrative charms of a most entertaining story.

Greek Athletics, by F. A. Wright. London: Jonathan Cape, 1925. 4*s.* 6*d.*

[*T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*]

This book is an attempt to apply for modern use some of the lessons that may be learned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from that gymnastic training which was such a salient part of ancient Greek life. Their principal athletic exercises fell into three main classes, depending respectively on strength of body, of leg, and of arm. To the first class belonged boxing and wrestling, to the second running and jumping, to the third throwing the discus and the javelin.

In the boxing-contests biting and 'gouging' were strictly forbidden, although frequently attempted, as for example by Alcibiades. 'You bite like a woman,' cried his opponent. 'No,' said the young Athenian, 'like a lion.' With their statues to guide us, Mr. Wright holds, it will be our own fault if we do not again reach the standard of physical perfection which the Greeks attained. What is needed, he indicates, is a national training, carefully planned by experts, and adapted alike for children, youths, and grown men.

On the Earthquake Line: Minor Adventures in Central America, by Morley Roberts. London: Arrowsmith, 1925. 15*s*.

[*Bookman*]

Long before we came to his modest preface, placed — in what once would have been called the Hibernian manner — at the tail of the book, we decided that Mr. Morley Roberts's account of his adventures in Central America was well worth while. It is rapid, easy-going, and frequently superficial; but yet this record of a few winter months spent in Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and thereabouts does bring out clearly the truths of that torrid, volcanic, and sometimes earthquakey clime. The heat and glare, the dust, and especially the insects, are so vividly realized that one is almost inclined to pant, if not — being polite — to scratch. A well-practised literary skill, as well as eager and accurate vision, has gone to the work, and these are the reasons why the moral and physical atmosphere of those countries of the bridge between the two Americas has been caught and reflected by the author so truthfully.

Mr. Roberts discovered that among the Spanish Indians of Central America the philosophy and the principle of *mañana* is still dominant; although in the Spain of Europe, unless the season is very sultry, it has — to this reviewer's observation — been improved away if ever it existed. But in the tropics it seems inevitable to take things idly and to put them off until tomorrow, or it may be to the shadows of eternity. Indeed, Mr. Roberts, who scoffs at the fevers and frets of our European civilization, and declares himself an outsider from us, shows that he was caught to some degree by the tropical spell of a delightful dilatoriness. Well, perhaps we do fuss rather too much.

He seems to have found Central America so attractive that the only flaw he recognizes there is the flesh-burrowing nigua. Indeed, in summing up his praise grows almost lyrical. Those little republics on the world's earthquake-line are fertile and capable of a greater fertility; they possess the strangest monuments of the past; have wonderful scenery, with courteous, helpful, and hospitable peoples (though their amorists may do bloody work with the machete), a marvelous vegetation and untold mineral wealth, with a climate that — sometimes — is wholly delightful. High praise that, which hides for a time the dirt and dust, the squalor, the insects — always the insects! — which fleck the eager perfections. Obviously Mr. Roberts enjoyed himself, and thereby has succeeded in helping his readers to enjoy the book; while his suggestion of the certainty of the United States some day controlling or absorbing these communities and the countries of the continent farther south gives food for that further thinking which all of us indulge in when the wind is in the gray quarter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Summer Bookshelf

MY DEAR CORNELIA

By STUART SHERMAN

Sparkling, provocative discussions of modern novels, prohibition, modern marriage, etc. A book that is as popular as a novel. $2.50

THE GALLANTS

By E. BARRINGTON

Everyone who reads *The Divine Lady* or *"The Ladies!"* will want to read this new book in which the mystery of favorite Old World heroes is revealed.

Illustrated. $3.50

THE ACTOR'S HERITAGE

Scenes from the Theatre of Yesterday and the Day Before

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

A book of keen interest to every follower of the theatre, brimful of amusing anecdotes, and profusely illustrated. $4.00

BUCOLIC BEATITUDES

By RUSTICUS

The charm of rusticity in essence. No excerpt could begin to convey a conception of the glories of this little book. — *Boston Transcript.* *Illustrated.* $1.50

THE 8:45

(Extracts from the Diary of a Commuter)

By ROBERT M. GAY

The laughable adventures of a young couple who begin married life in the suburbs. *Illustrated.* $1.25

THE SCARLET COCKEREL

By CLIFFORD M. SUBLETTE

Won the $2000 prize in the Charles Boardman Hawes Memorial Contest. "More than a satisfactory first effort. A capital story of a period in American beginnings which, for all the interest it contains, has not been cultivated by novelists." *Frontispiece.* $2.00

We are ready to fill your needs for summer reading, and will send books anywhere, postpaid. We supply any book in print, at the usual retail price. Mail, telegraph, or telephone orders given prompt attention.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK SHOP

8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON

OF COURSE

you read BOOKS ABROAD, the weekly book review feature of the LIVING AGE that keeps you in touch with the latest worth-while books published abroad.

These books may be secured, with the minimum of time and expense, through

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK SHOP

8 Arlington Street, Boston

Books Reviewed in This Issue

The House of Menerdue—The Death of a Millionaire—Greek Athletics—
On the Earthquake Line: Minor Adventures in Central America

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Extra! Extra! All About John Bliffo

"THAT is good copy you publish on the back cover of the *Living Age* for May 16," writes one of *L. A.'s* readers.

"But if you had included your address and the price of the Magazine, I might be sending a check for the latter and wouldn't have had to look up the former."

* * *

A compliment with a kick in it.

* * *

Well, you see, it's this way. We hadn't considered this just as "copy." We were using this page every week as a sort of conversation with readers.

* * *

Or, as a newspaper to give the news about Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

But we remember that when we were chasing news for a "great metropolitan daily" we used a form something like this:

"John Bliffo, 35 years old, 1403 East Something Street, paid ten dollars and costs at the Eastern District Police Court this morning for the privilege of throwing a basket of turnips at his employer, James Bushnose, grocery store proprietor of 711 West Domino Street. Bliffo asserted that Bushnose lectured him on 'Service — The Secret of Success.'"

So, we might next week begin our copy something like this:

"Scribner's Magazine, four dollars a year, 597 Fifth Avenue, almost caused a riot yesterday when it appeared on the news stands in a bright yellow dress and took a fling at the war makers."

Or relate in similar vein the thrilling tale of how Gerald W. Johnson, white, Protestant, Nordic, narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of a mob of infuriated Democrats for his article "The Dead Vote of the South" in the July Scribner's Magazine.

Or tell how "Heredity — The Master Riddle of Science" by Edward M. East in the July Scribner's Magazine caused ten prominent anti-evolutionists to exhibit hydrophobic symptoms.

The July Scribner's Magazine, published next Friday, contains real interest, corking good fiction and more of it than usual. And, if you really want to know, it's only 35 cents a copy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED